

GOLD
KEY

TOP CAT

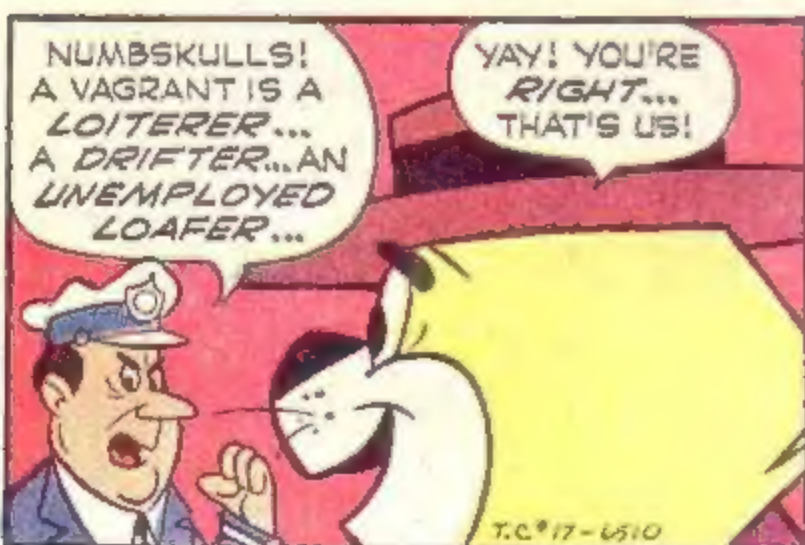
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HANNA-BARBERA

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TOP CAT



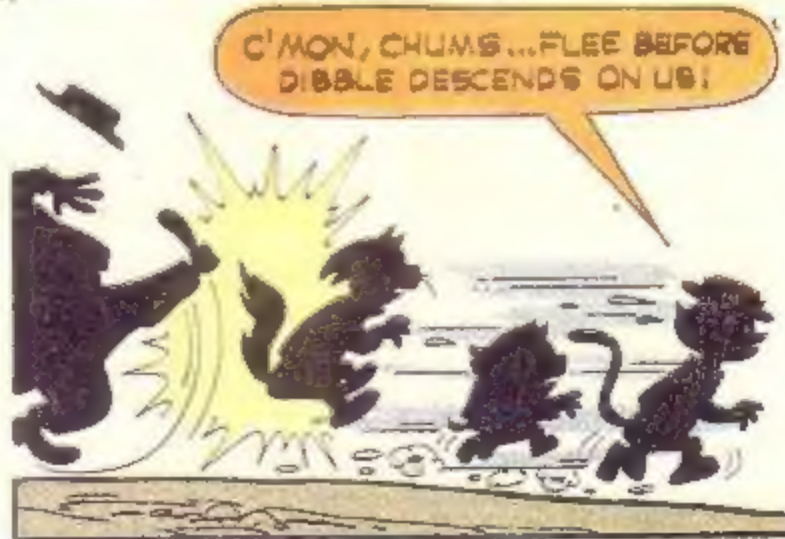
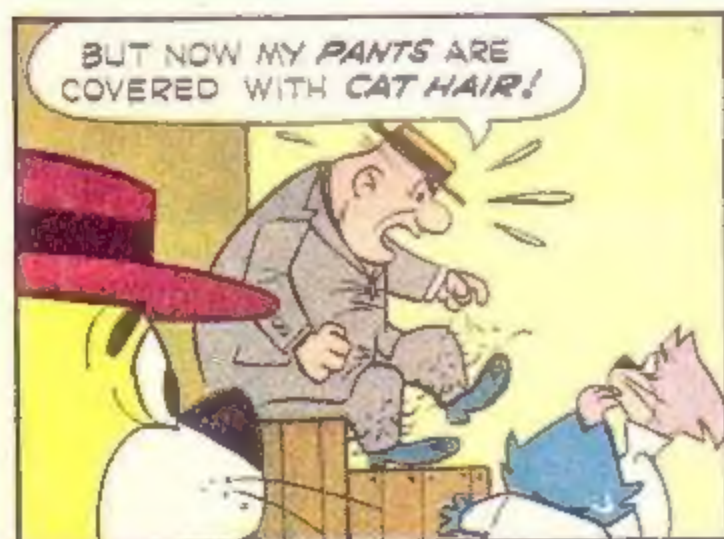
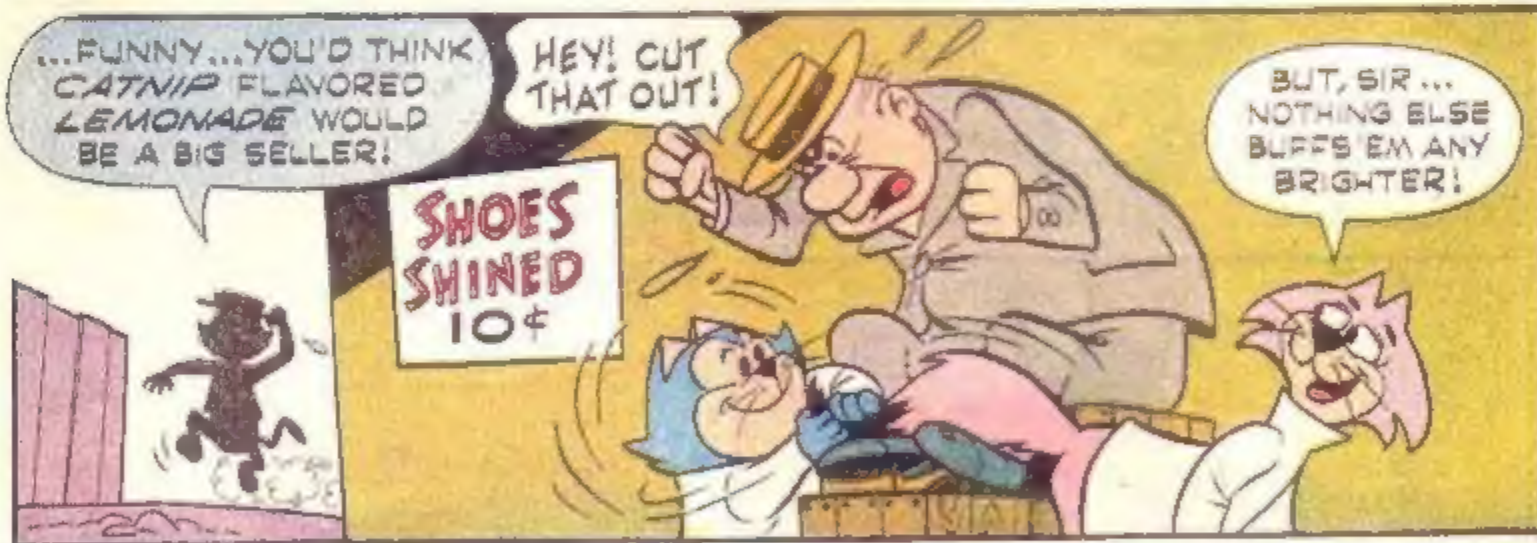
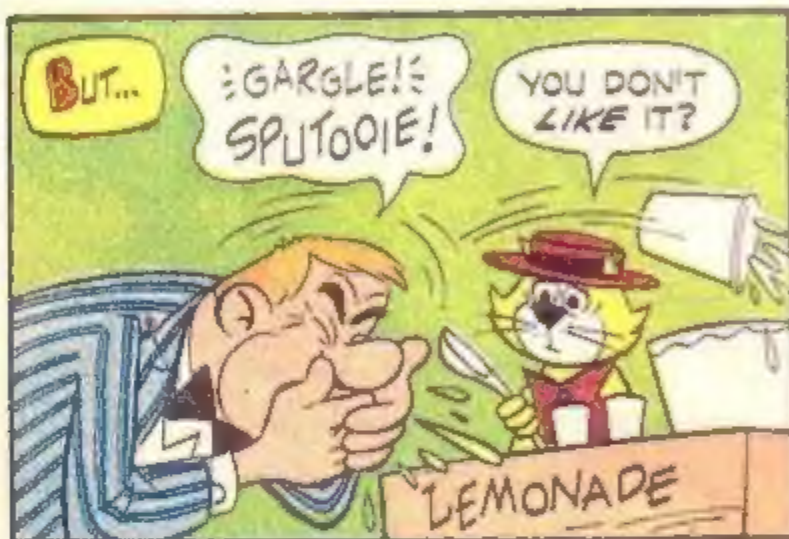
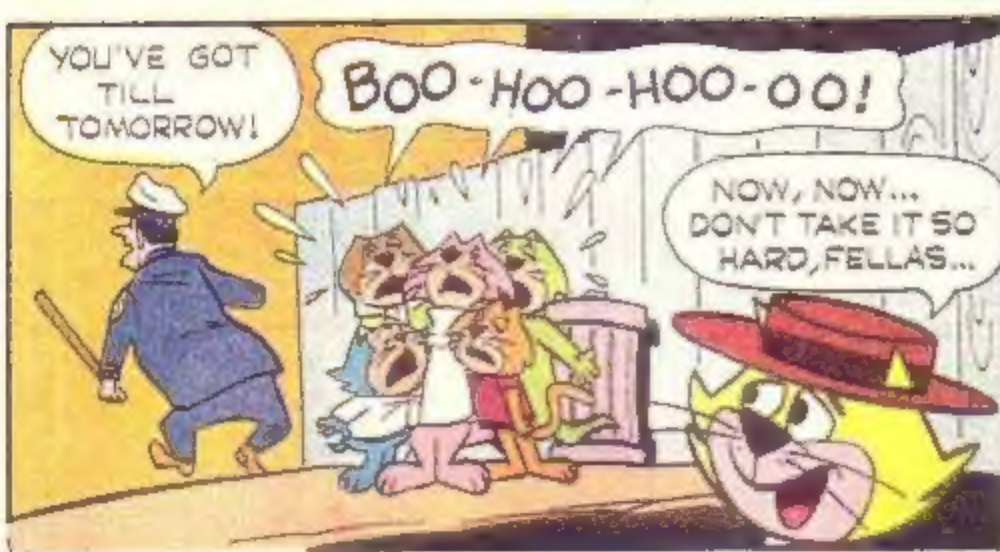


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AND SO, THE CATS FIND THEY ALL HAVE MET WITH SIMILAR MISFORTUNE...

WE'RE MISFITS!

YEH! WE'RE NOT QUALIFIED FOR ANY JOB, BY THE WORLD'S STANDARDS!

BUT DIBBLE WILL JAIL US IF WE REMAIN VAGRANTS!

WHAT'LL WE DO, T.C.?

I'LL HAVE TO RETREAT INTO PRIVACY IN ORDER TO THINK OUT THIS PREDICAMENT!

SHOO, YOU MICE...SHOO!

HEY...THAT'S IT!

IF THERE'S ONE THING WE'RE FIT FOR IT'S PROFESSIONAL *MOUSING*!

YOU MEAN, HIRE OURSELVES OUT TO MOUSED-UP HOUSES?

BRILLIANT!

AND SO...

EKK! I HAVE MICE IN MY CASTLE!

YOUR FRIGHT IS OUR DELIGHT, MA'AM!

THESE MOUSERS FOR HIRE!
GET THE SQUEAKS OUT OF YOUR JOINT.

AND IN A
SWIFT
JIFFY...

THERE IT IS... McDAB CASTLE!
IT WAS THE HOME OF THE LATE ARTIST,
SABLE McDAB!



IT WAS SUCH A
BARGAIN... THEN CAME
THE MICE...

UNFURROW
YOUR BROW,
MA'AM... WE'LL
SOON
SCATTER
THE PESTS!



SHOO,
MICE!

MEEYOW,
YOU ALL!

SCAT!



YOU
CATS ARE
SUPER!

WE
KNOW
IT!

ER... A *FAMOUS*
PAINTER'S CASTLE
WITH *NO* PAINTINGS
IN IT?



WELL, HIS PAINTINGS ARE
EACH WORTH A FORTUNE
TODAY... I COULDN'T AFFORD
EVEN ONE! BUT I *COULD*
AFFORD THIS BARREN OLD
CASTLE! I'LL FIX IT
UP IN TIME!



OH, MY! IT'S *SUNDOWN*!
WILL YOU STAY OVERNIGHT?
THEN I'LL DRIVE YOU HOME
TOMORROW!

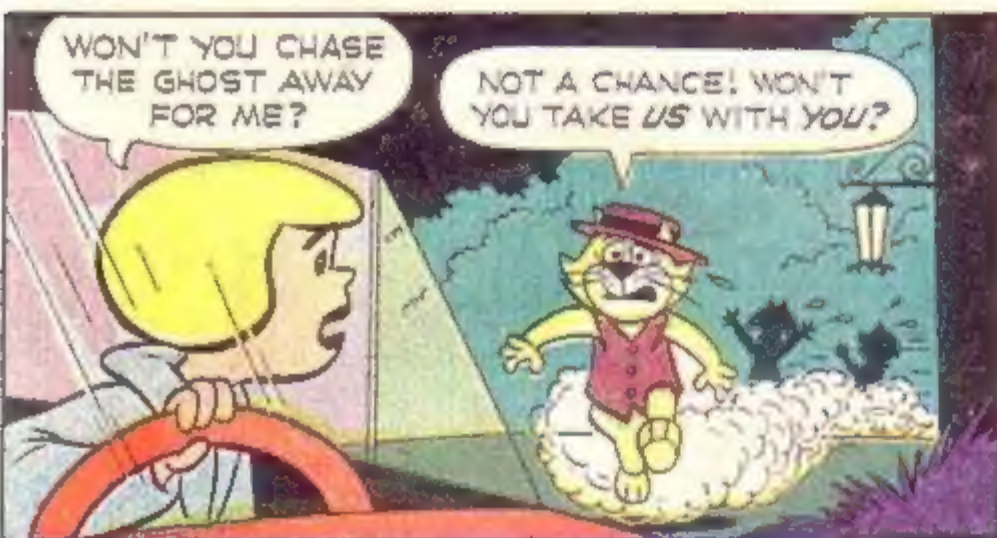
YES,
MA'AM!

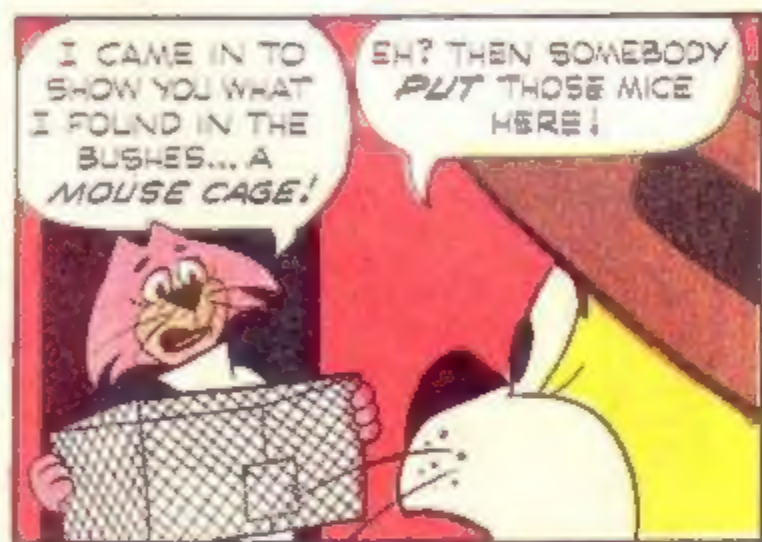
YAY! WE NEVER
SLEPT IN A
CASTLE BEFORE!

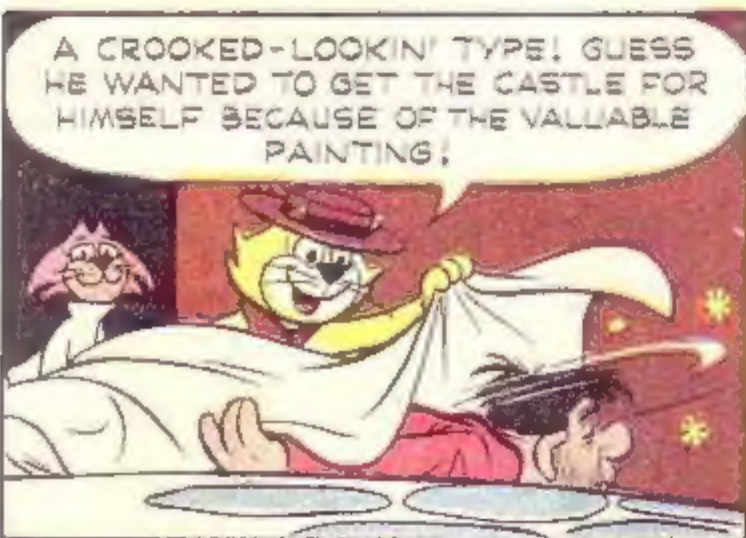
LEH! DIG THE
PERSONALIZED
TRASH CAN!



BUT LATE THAT NIGHT...







HE PAINTED A BIG MURAL
LIKE THIS IN EVERY ROOM
TO MAKE HIS CASTLE LOOK
BIGGER AND BETTER!

BUT HE FINALLY COVERED
THEM OVER 'CAUSE HIS
GUESTS KEPT WALKING
INTO 'EM... THEY WERE
SO REALISTIC!

OW! IT'S EASY
TO FORGET AND
DO THAT!

BOMP!

AND
AFTER
THE
CROOK
IS
JAILED...

I'M OPENING MY CASTLE
AS A MUSEUM... AND I WANT
TO HIRE YOU CATS AS
SAFETY GUARDS!

SAFETY
GUARDS?

YES! IT'LL BE YOUR
JOB SIMPLY TO KEEP
CUSTOMERS FROM
WALKING INTO THE
PAINTINGS!

AND SO...

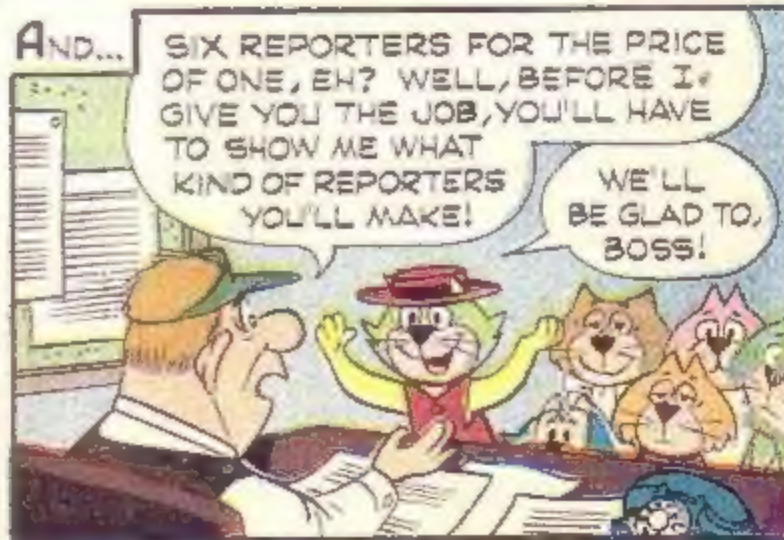
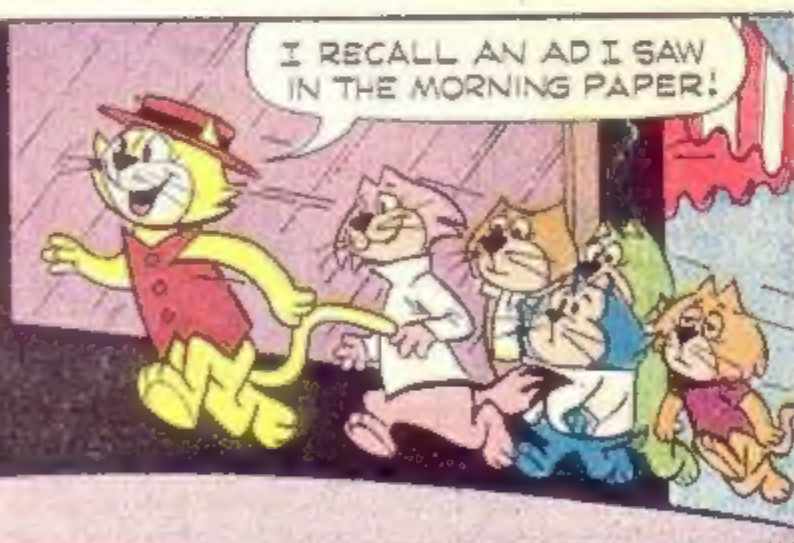
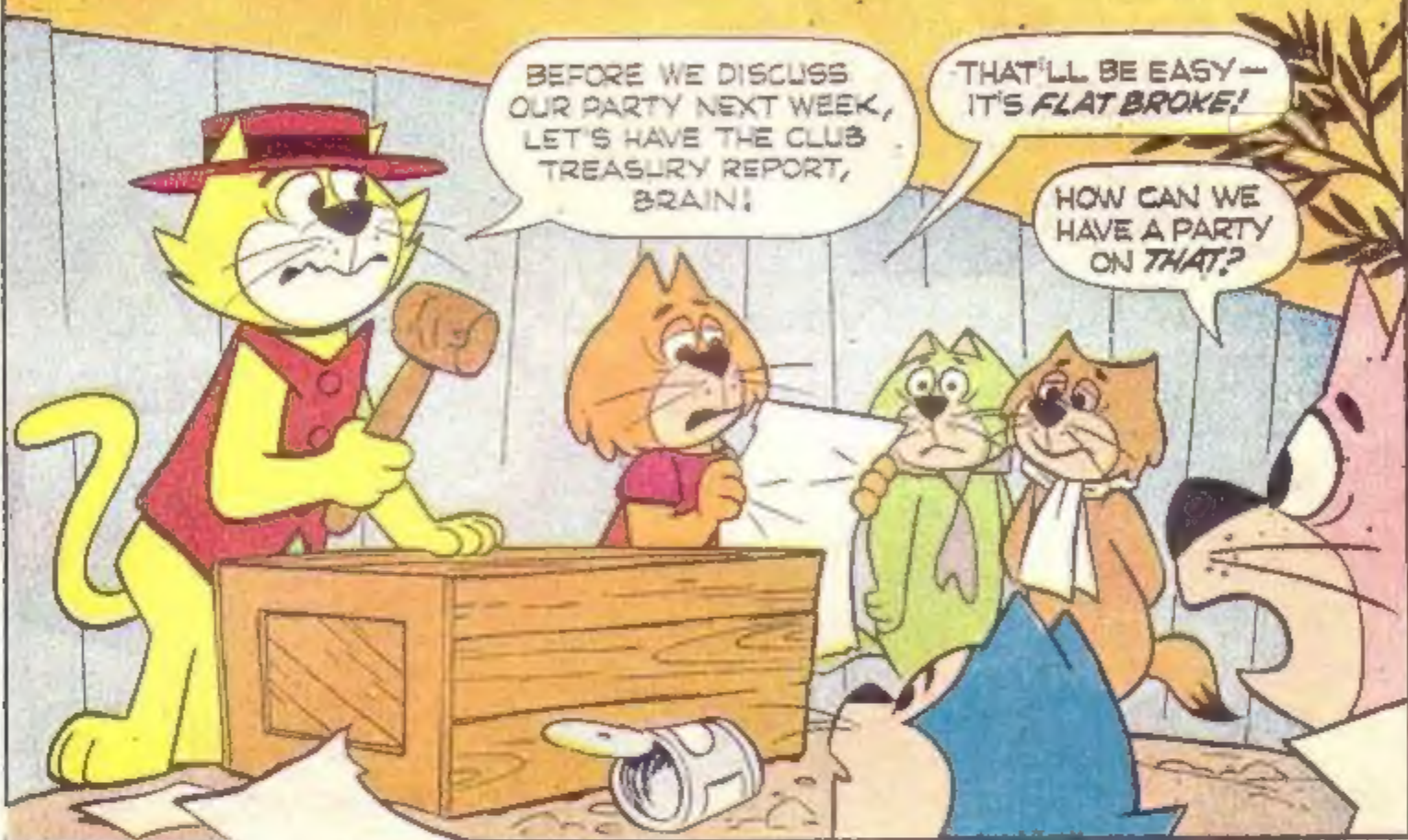
THIS JOB
IS AS EASY
AS LEANING
ON A WALL!

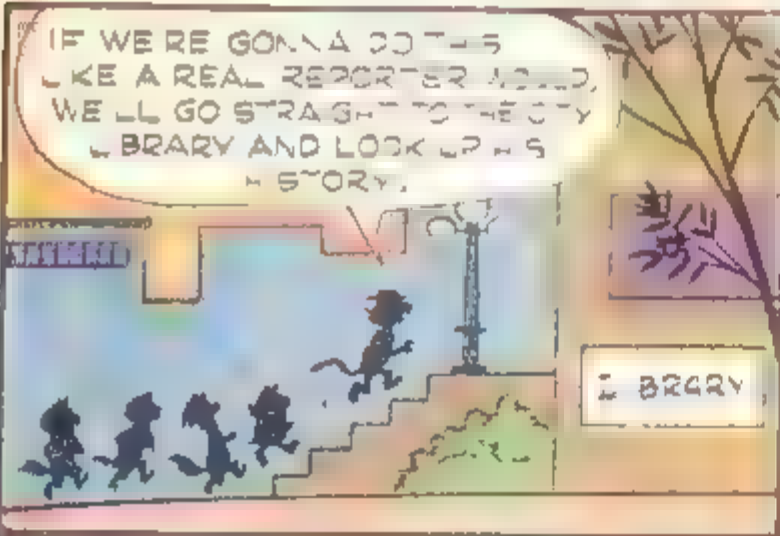
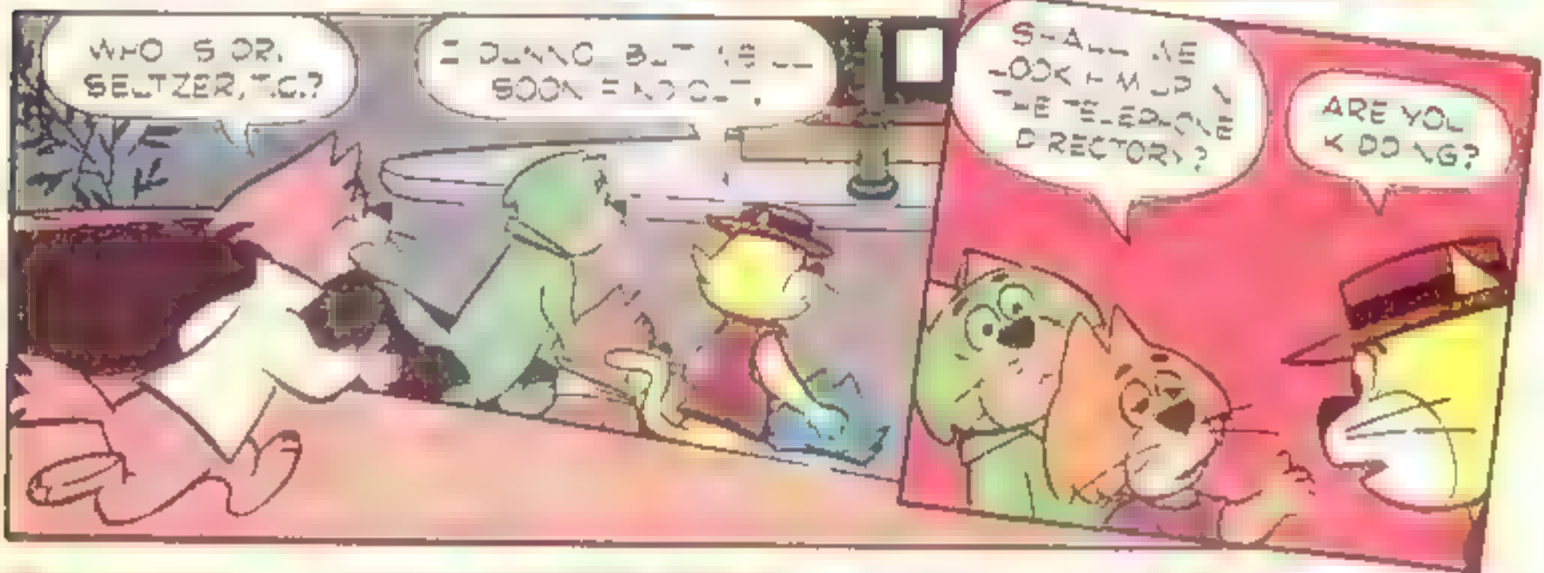
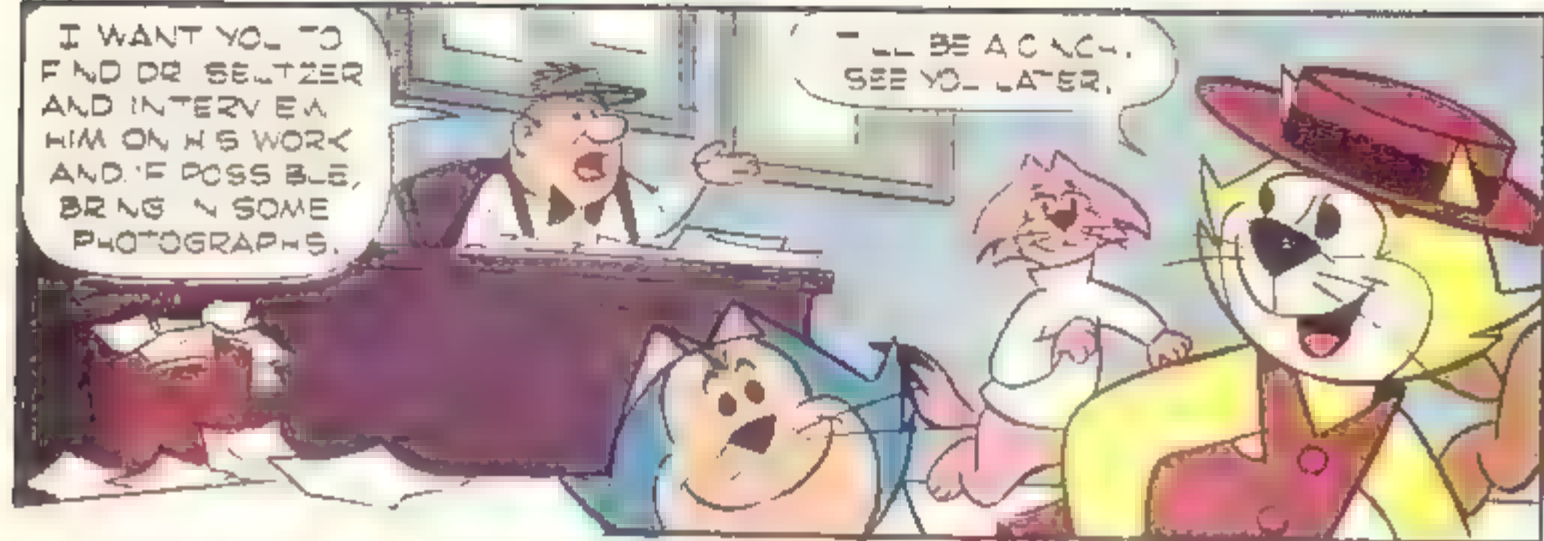
IMAGINE... HEH... NOW
WE'RE GETTING PAID TO
DO WHAT COMES
NATURALLY TO US!

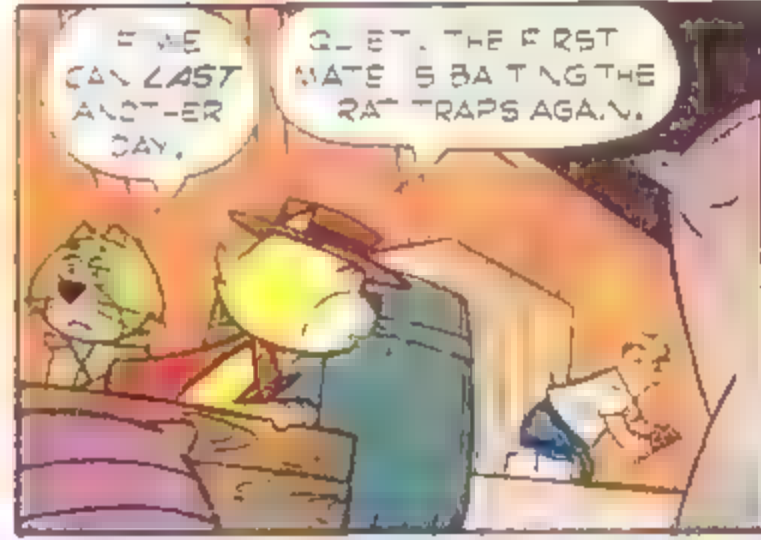
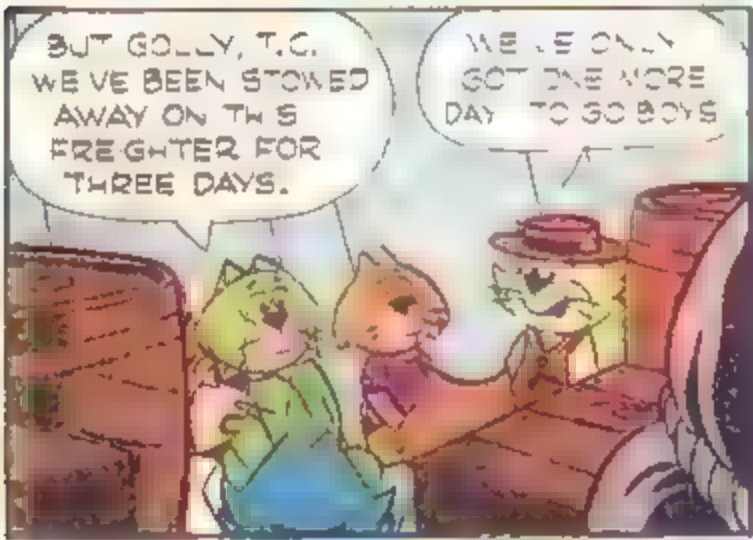
IF OFFICER DIBBLE
COULD ONLY SEE
US NOW!

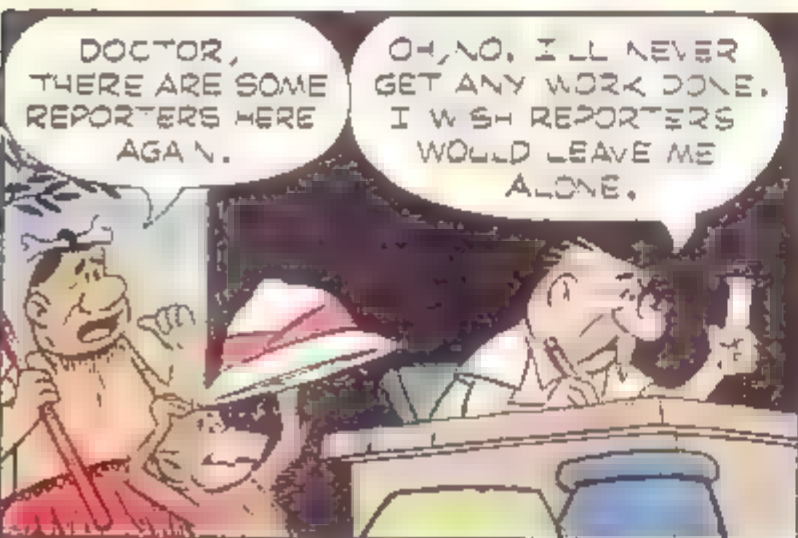
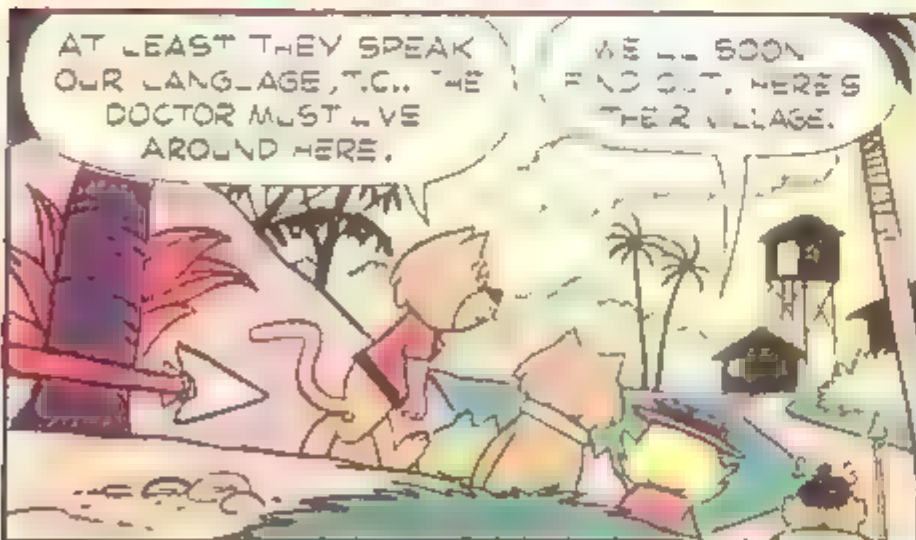
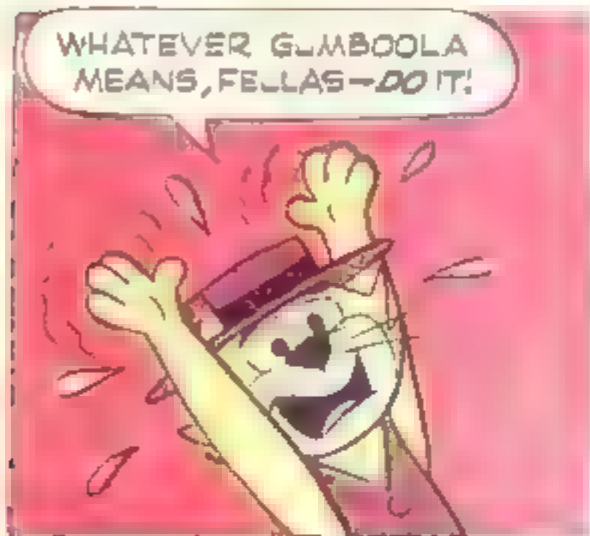
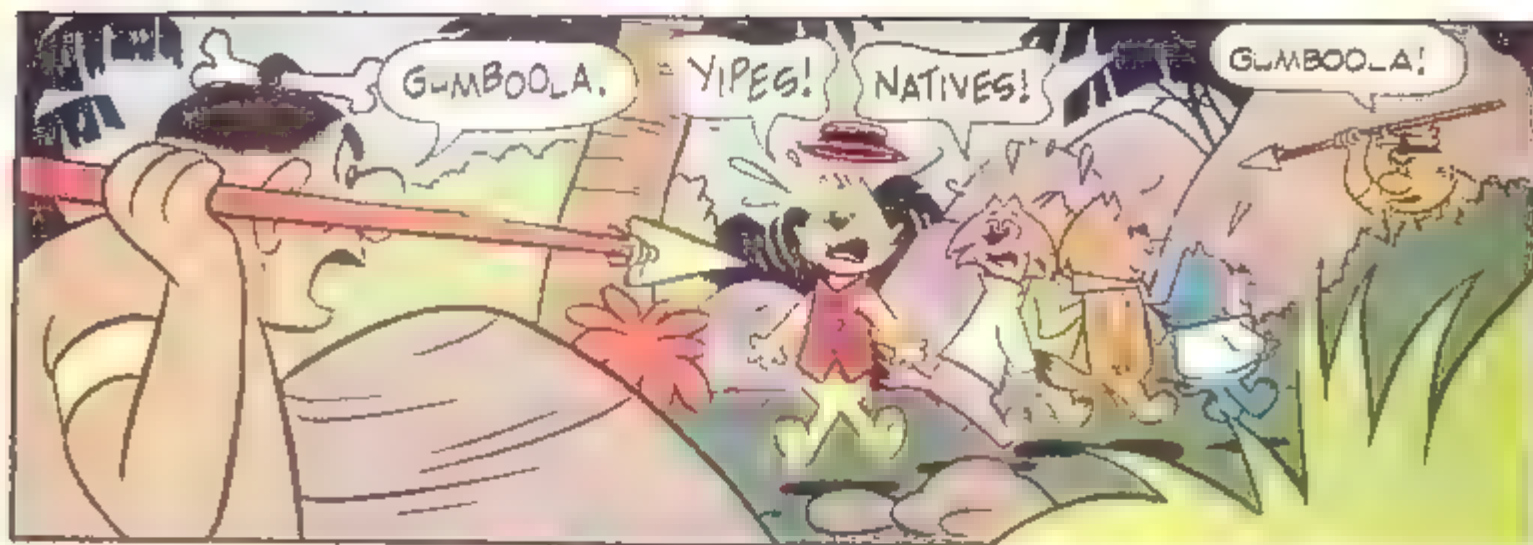
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Hanna-Barbera
TOP CAT GETTING THE FACTS

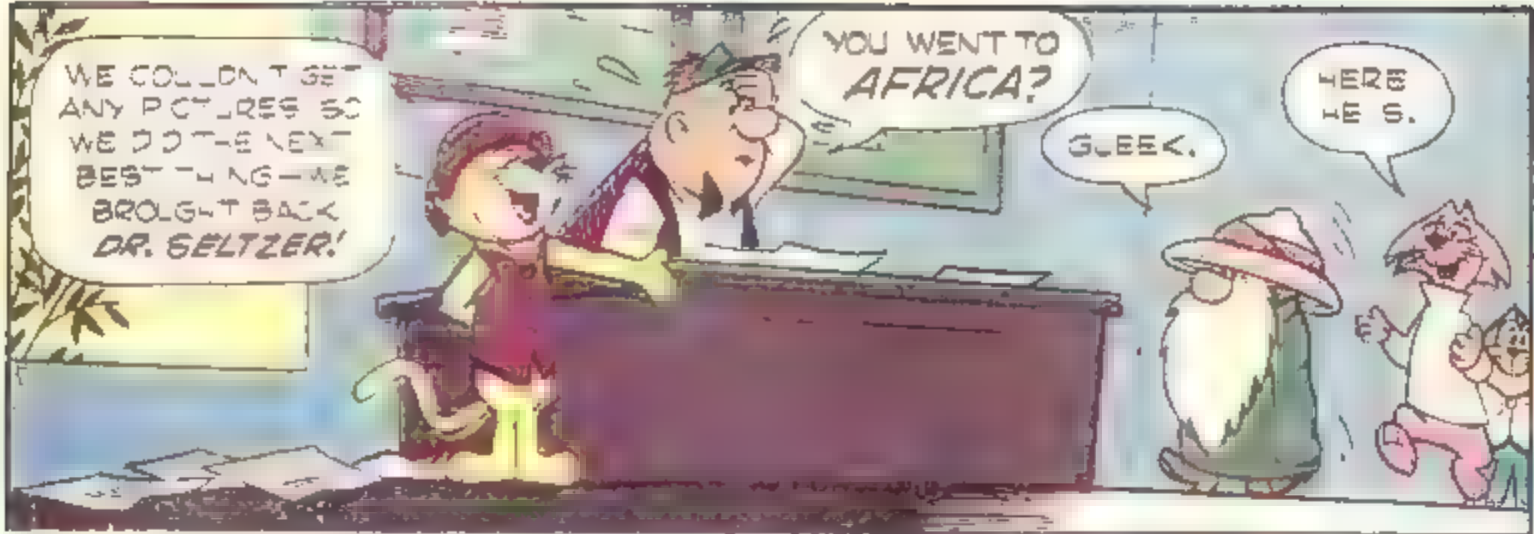












WE COULDN'T GET ANY PICTURES SO WE DO THE NEXT BEST THING—WE BROUGHT BACK DR. SELTZER!

YOU WENT TO AFRICA?

GLEEK.

HERE HE IS.



ALL WE NEED NOW IS AN INTERPRETER AND WE CAN INTERVIEW HIM FOR YOU.

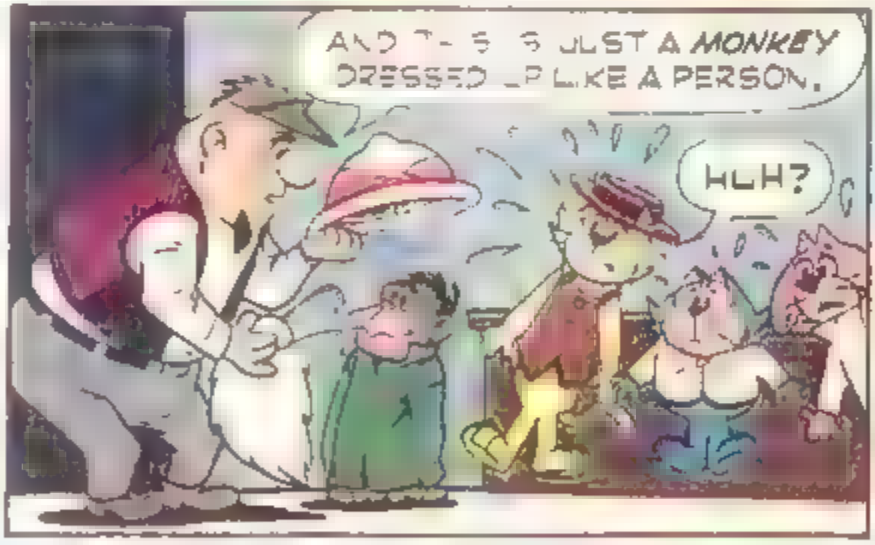


OH NO!

SOMETHING WRONG, CHEF?



I MEANT FOR YOU TO INTERVIEW THE DR. SELTZER OVER ON THIRD! HE'S A VETERINARIAN!

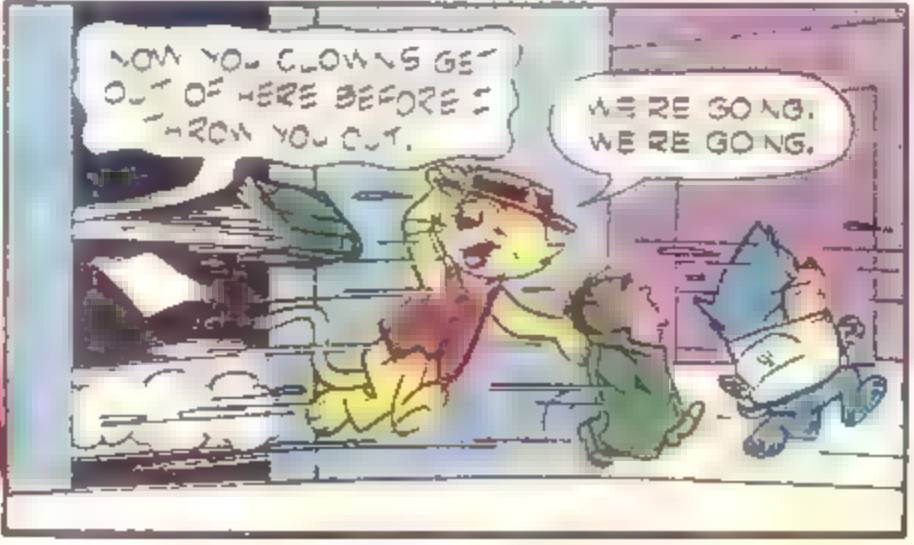


AND THIS IS JUST A MONKEY DRESSED UP LIKE A PERSON.

HUH?



I THOUGHT HE ATE AN AWFUL LOT OF BANANAS.



NOW YOU CLOWNS GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE I THROW YOU OUT.

WE'RE GOING. WE'RE GOING.

I TOLD YOU WE SHOULD HAVE
LOOKED UP THAT DR Seltzer
N THE FIRST PLACE.

EASY,
FELLAS.

AFTER ALL, YOU'LL
HAVE TO ADMIT WE
DID HAVE FUN!

BEING CHASED BY LONS.
STAYING. YOU CALL THAT
FUN? GRRRR!

WAA - A
MINUTE.

THAT WAS ALL JUST
TO GET MONEY FOR OUR
CLUB PARTY, WASN'T IT?

SO?

WELL, COME ON,
I'LL SHOW YOU THE
TRIP WASN'T ALL
IN VAIN.

AND SO.

HOORAY FOR
TOP CAT!

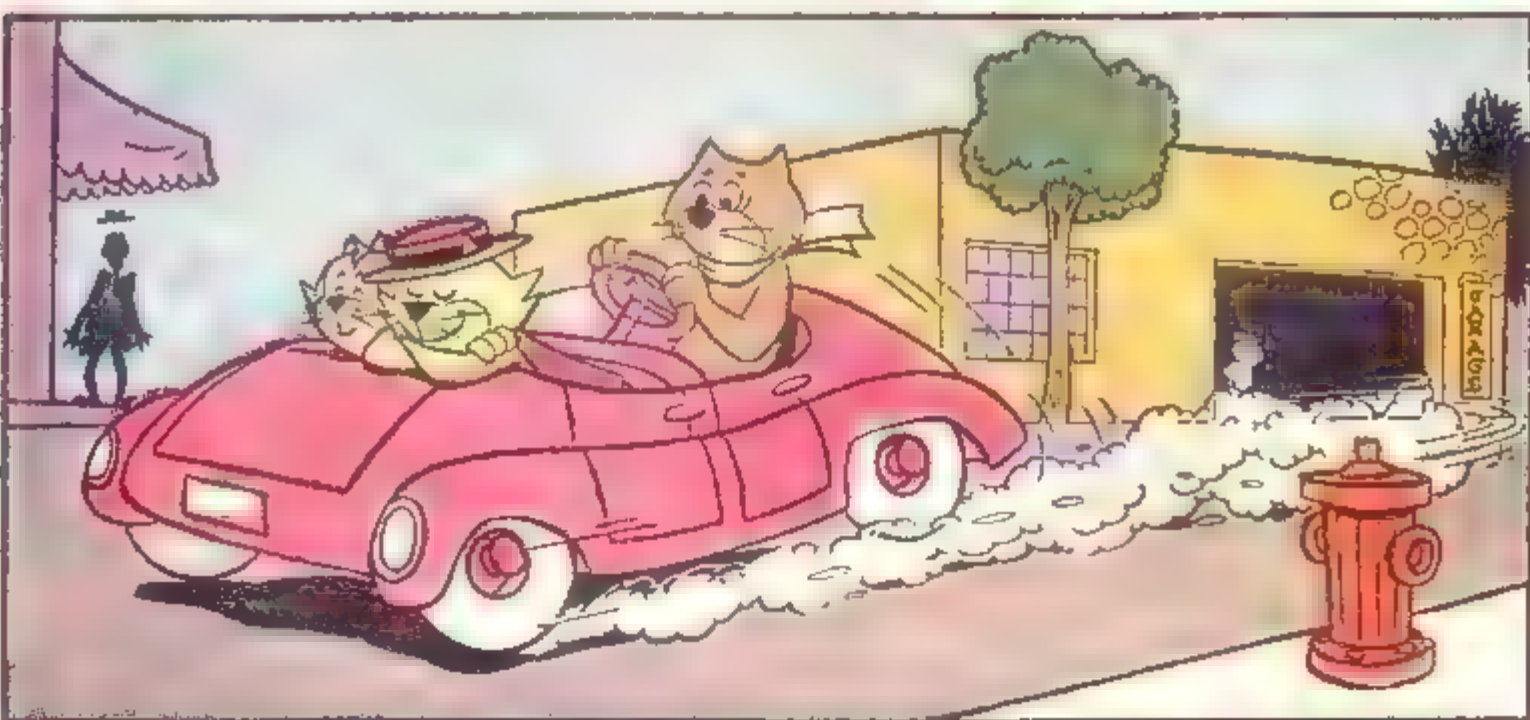
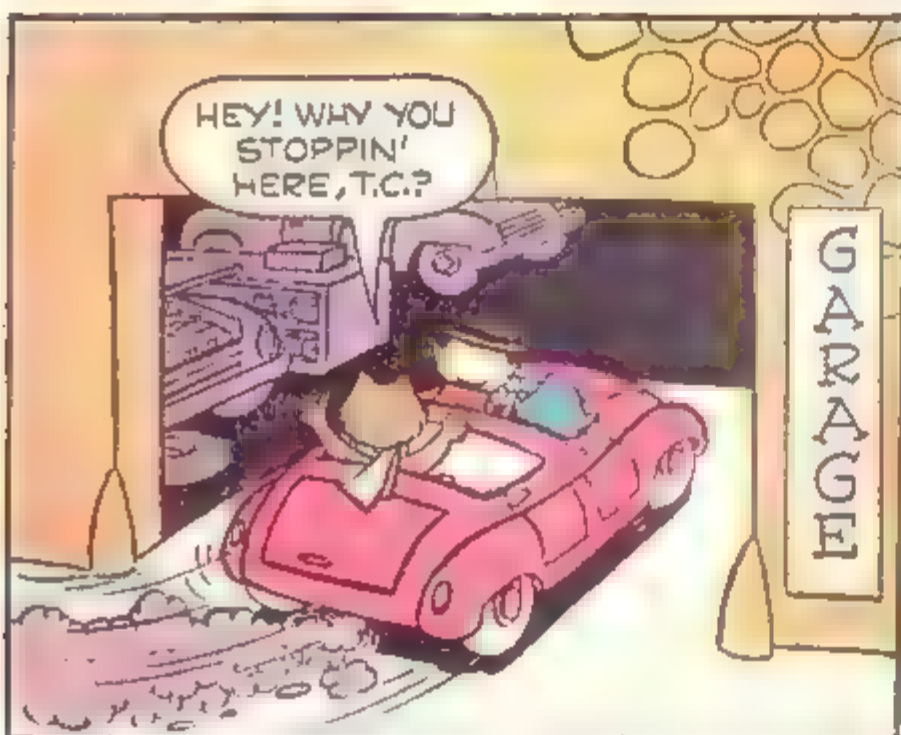
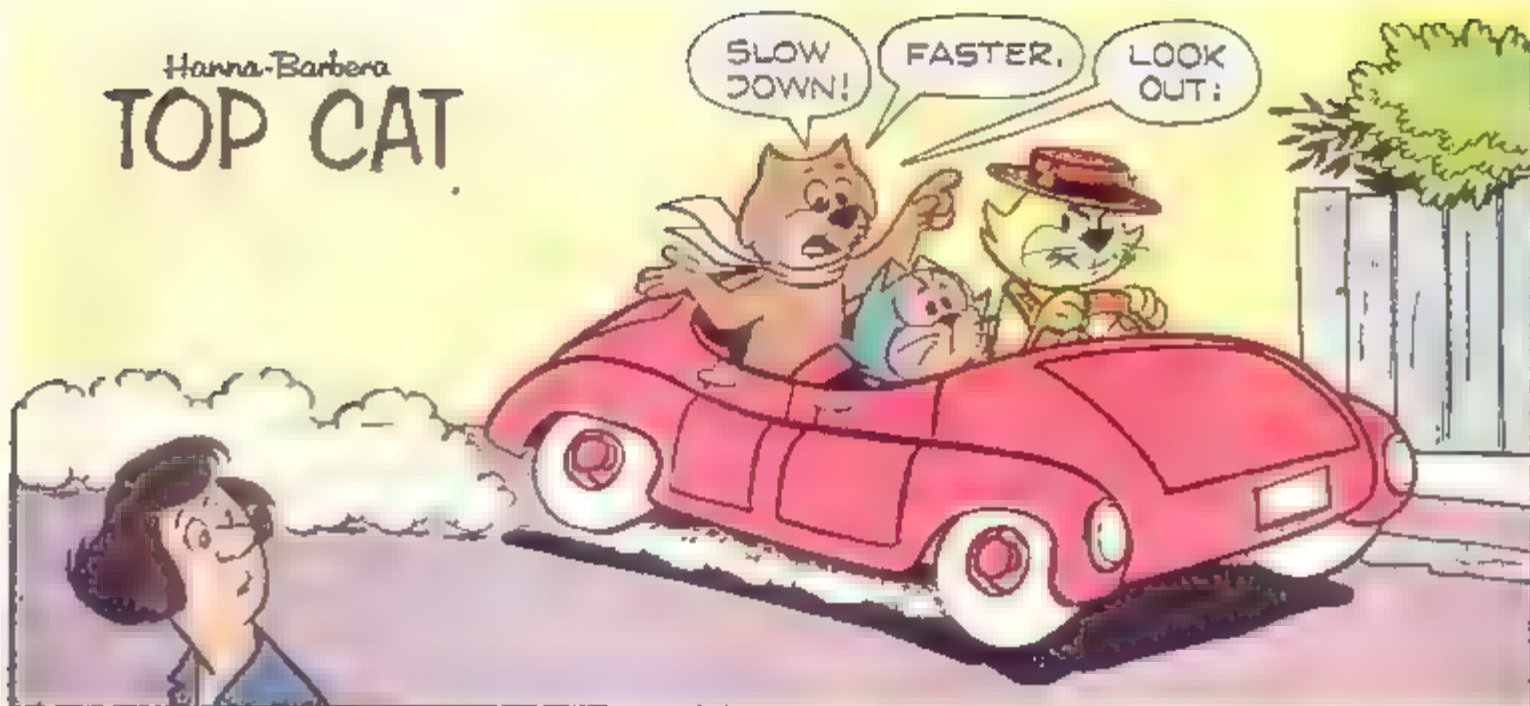
CHEERS.

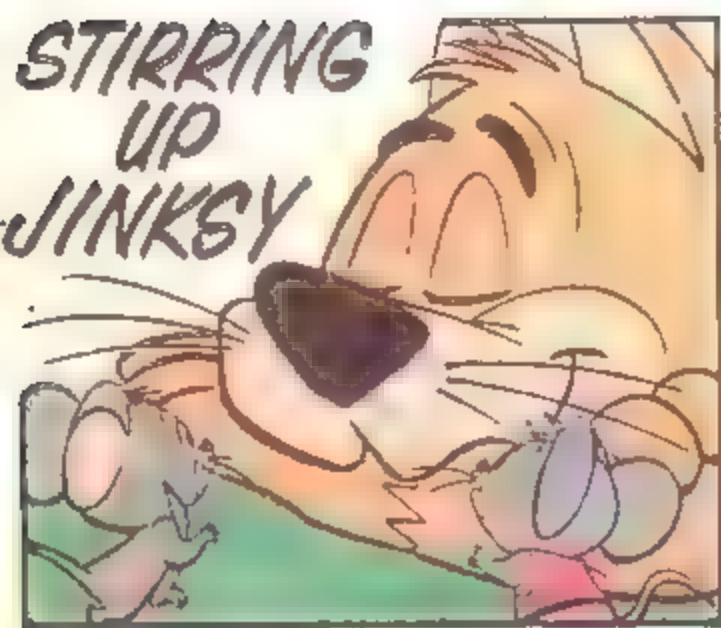
WE'LL HAVE OUR PARTY
MONEY IN NO TIME.

YEA.

End

Hanna-Barbera
TOP CAT





"Let's get some excitement started around here," giggled Dixie. "I feel like having a ball. Got any ideas as to how we can stir up some fun?"

"Sure," laughed Pixie. "All we have to do is find Mr. Jinks and stir him up. Then we are sure to have excitement!"

The little mice were delighted to see Mr. Jinks snoozing by the open fire . . . a perfect target for fun!

"Pull on his whiskers," suggested Pixie. "That ought to stir him up!"

"Yeah," agreed Dixie. "Won't be long before we see some excitement around here."

Sneaking up to Mr. Jinks, Pixie jerked the cat's whiskers on one side, as Dixie pulled them on the other side.

"YEOW!" screeched Mr. Jinks, leaping to his feet before the little mice could let go. "Who pulled my whiskers?"

And as Mr. Jinks jerked his head from left to right looking for the culprits, he sent the mice flying through the air, to land in the center of the room.

"You!" he yelled. "I hate you meeces to places. Get out of here and leave me alone. I want to sleep!"

"Aw, Jinksy," said Pixie. "All we want is a little excitement. Come on, join in the fun. Be a good sport."

"No," snarled Mr. Jinks, curling up by the fire once more. "But if they come near me again, I'll . . . uh . . . like give them a little fun and excitement!" he grinned to himself, as a dandy idea struck him.

Pretending to sleep, Mr. Jinks watched the mice through not-quite closed eyes. Be-

fore long, Pixie and Dixie came tiptoeing up to him. Just as they were about to tweak his whiskers again, Jinksy reached out and quickly pulled Pixie's tail.

"Yip!" cried Pixie. Then turning to Dixie he demanded, "What's the big idea, pulling my tail like that?"

"What do you mean?" asked Dixie. "I did not pull your tail!"

"You did so!" accused Pixie angrily, and he leaned over and gave Dixie's tail a hard yank!

"Yeowch!" yelled Dixie, quickly grabbing one of Pixie's ears.

Before long, Pixie and Dixie were in a push-pull-punch tussle.

"Take that!" shouted Pixie, as he aimed for Dixie's chin with a small fist.

While Mr. Jinks shook with silent laughter, Pixie and Dixie fought furiously, until at last both were out of breath.

"Ho, ho! Ha, ha!" roared Mr. Jinks, as the mice stumbled back to their mousehole and threw themselves on their beds. "That's been the most fun I've had in a long time," Mr. Jinks howled.

"Huh?" said Pixie and Dixie, looking at each other.

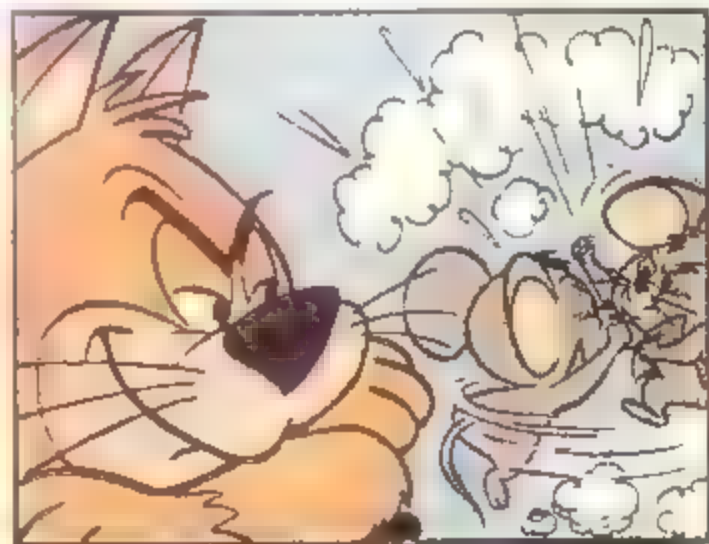
Then, Dixie exclaimed, "It was Mr. Jinks who started this whole thing!"

"HE pulled my tail!" cried Pixie.

"Exciting, wasn't it?" Jinksy taunted from the other room.

"It was too exciting!" sighed Pixie to Dixie. "All we wanted to do was stir up Mr. Jinks and have a little fun."

"Yeah, but we got stirred up instead," a tired Dixie groaned, as he nursed a lump on his head, "and Jinksy had all the fun."



Hanna-Barbera
MR. & MRS.
J. EVIL SCIENTIST

The GOLF BREAK

J. EVIL - WHERE ARE YOU?

THANKS FOR
THE BAGEBAG,
EXPERIMENTING
MUNSY,

BALOO!

EITHER THAT, OR ONE OF
YOUR JARS OF PICKLED
DYNAMITE BLEW UP.

S - A - T - U -
D A - Y - S?

YES.

LOOKS LIKE I'LL HAVE
TO PATCH UP MY
WORK BENCH AGAIN.

I GUESS I HAVE BEEN
OVERWORKING LATELY.

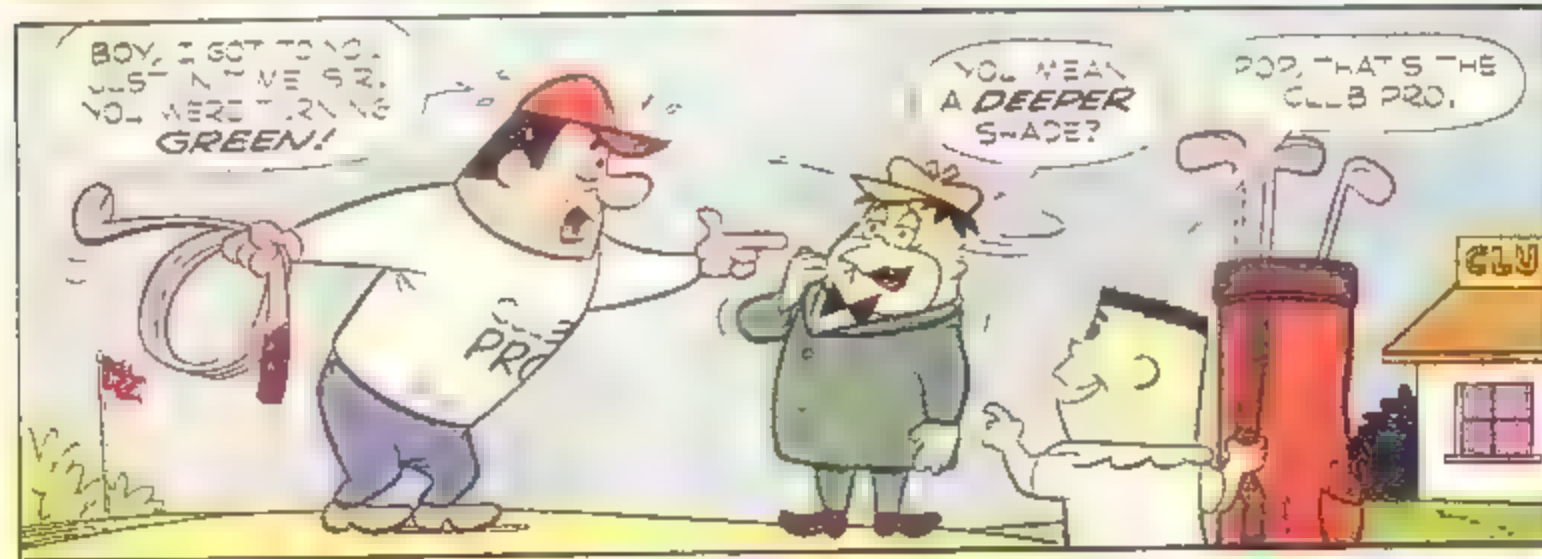
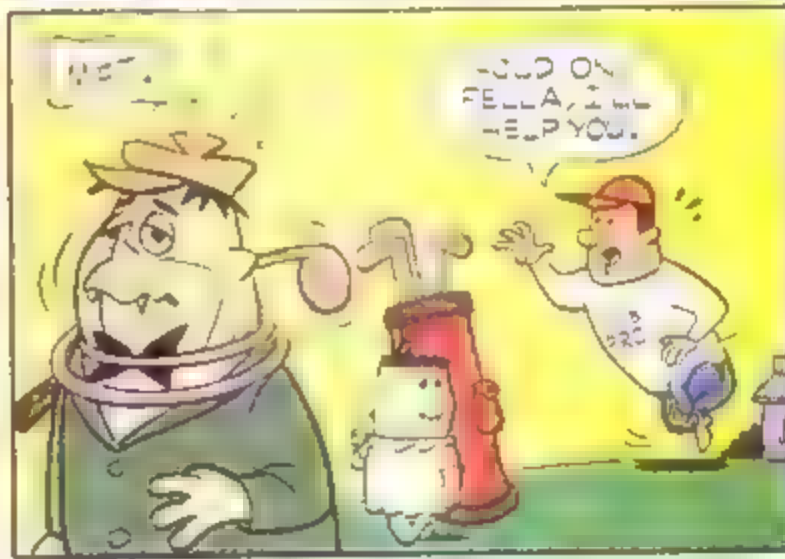
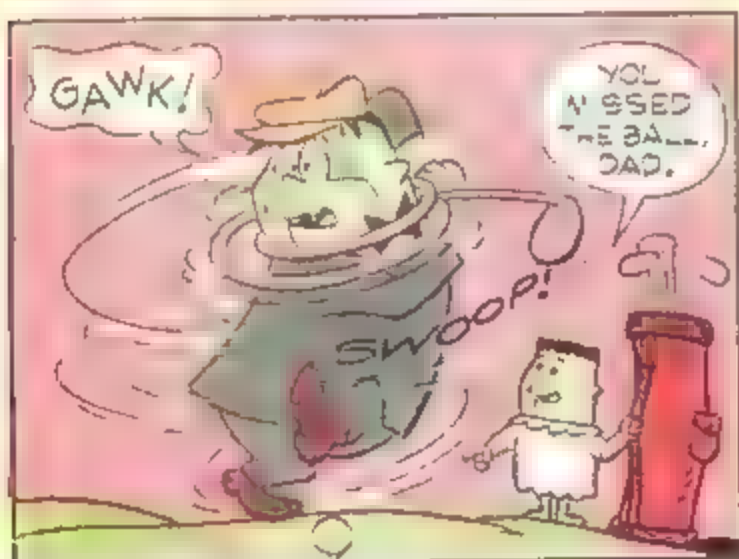
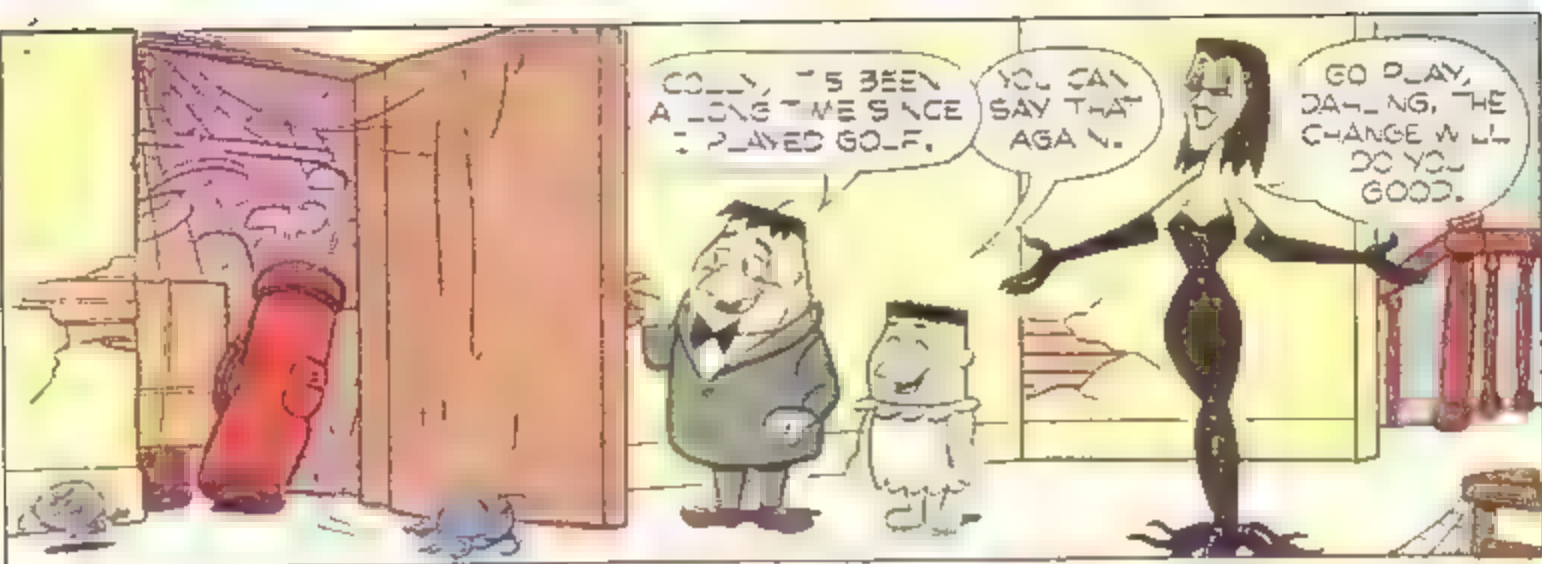
J. EVIL -
MUST YOU
SPEND THE
WHOLE
WEEKEND
AS USUAL?

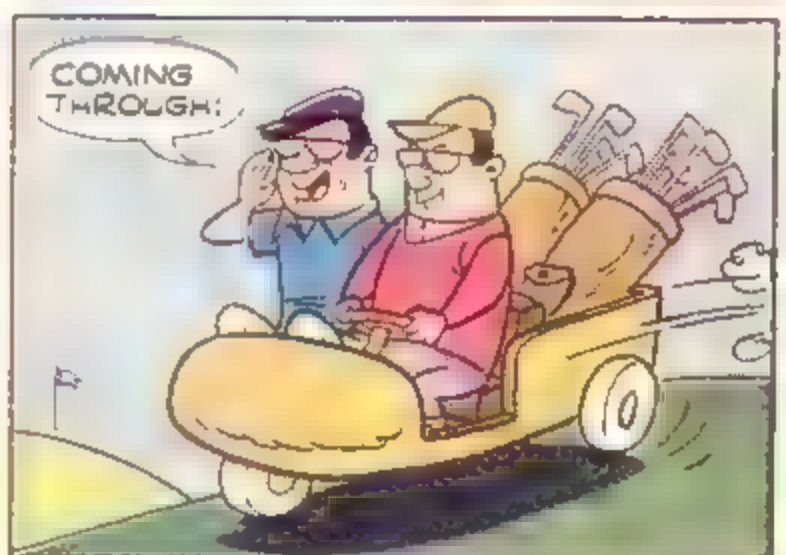
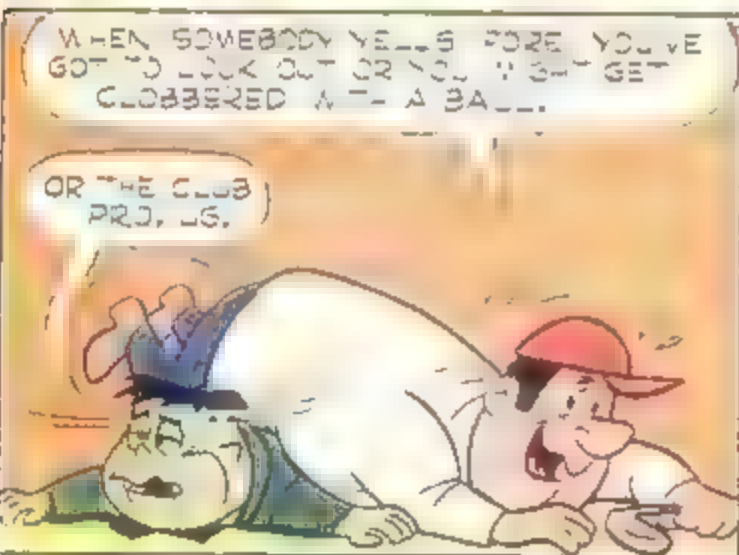
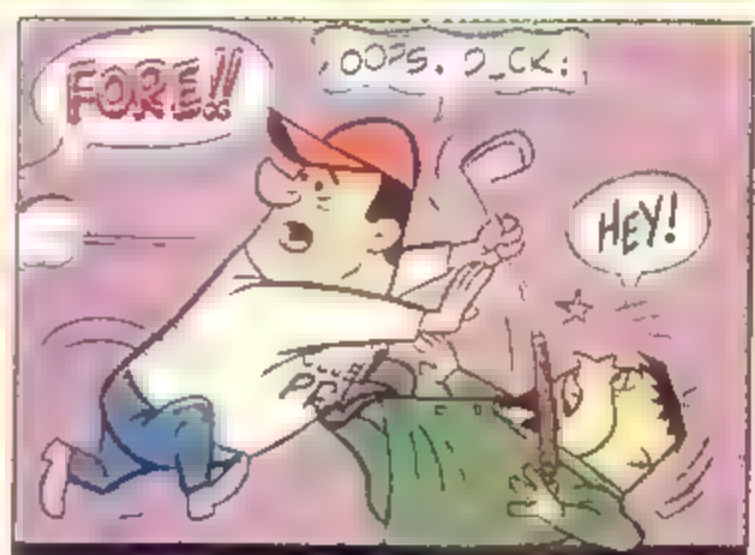
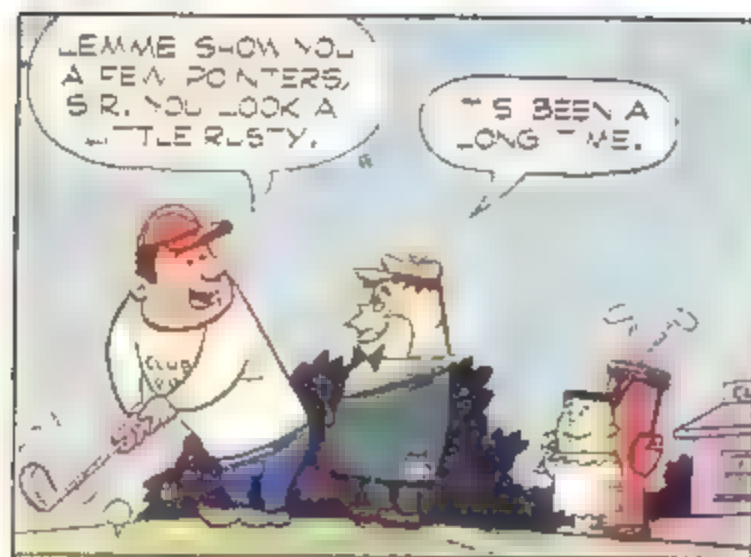
WHY DON'T YOU DO SOMETHING
ELSE FOR A CHANGE?

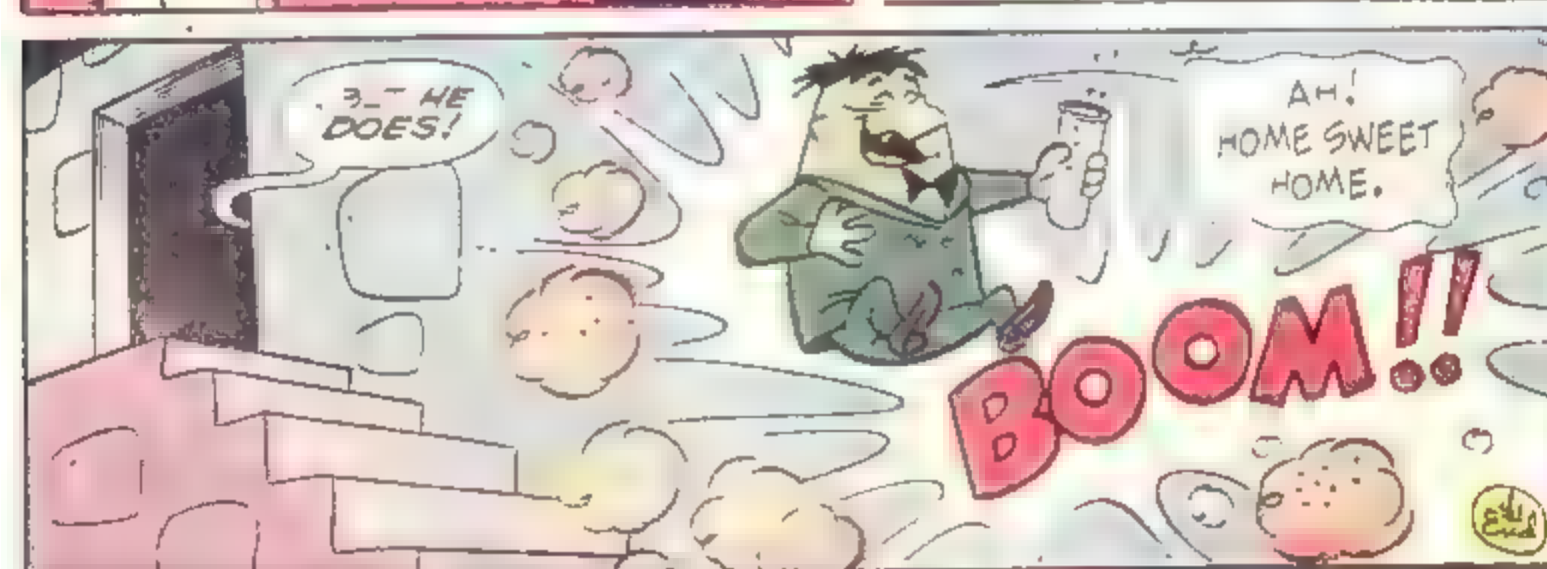
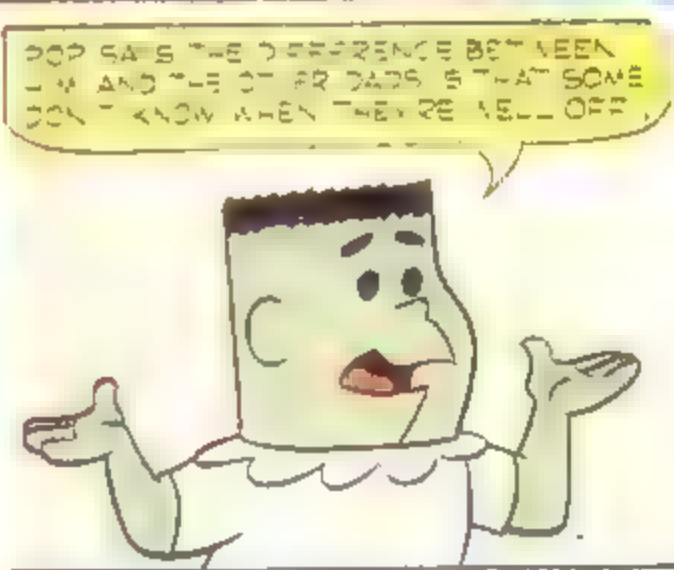
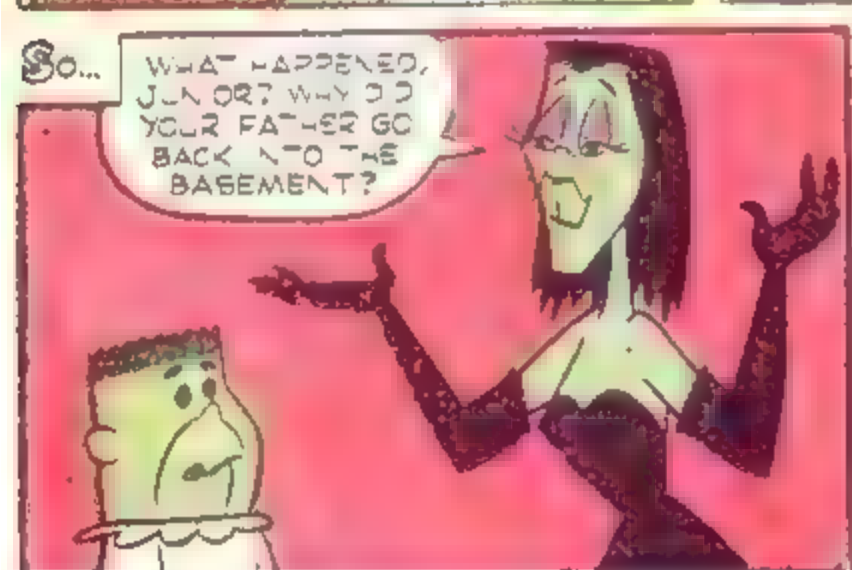
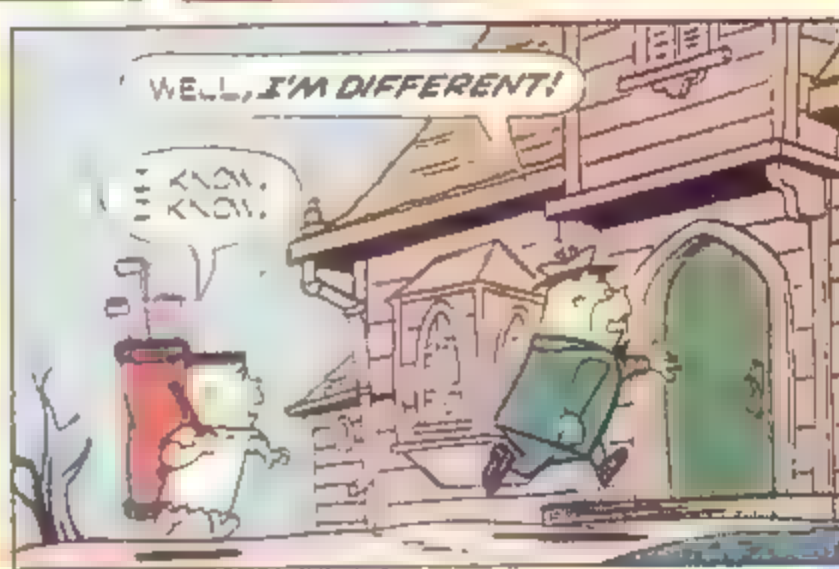
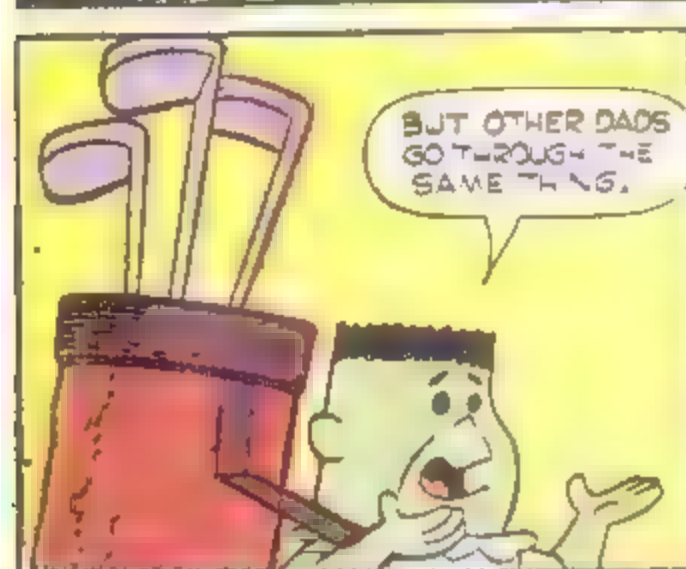
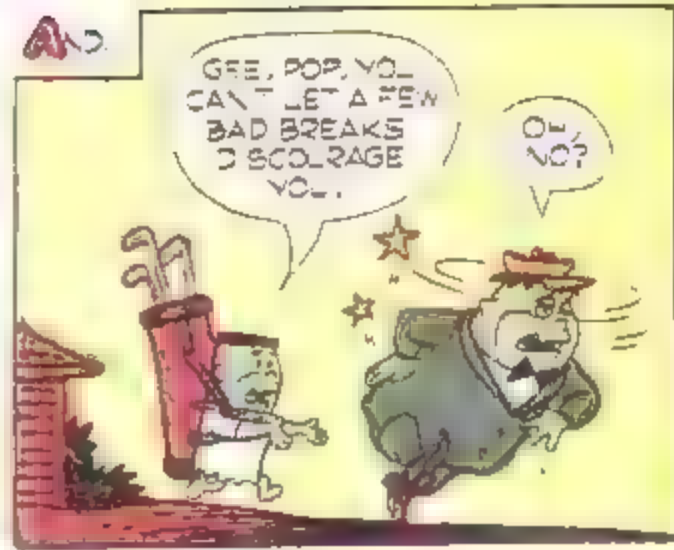
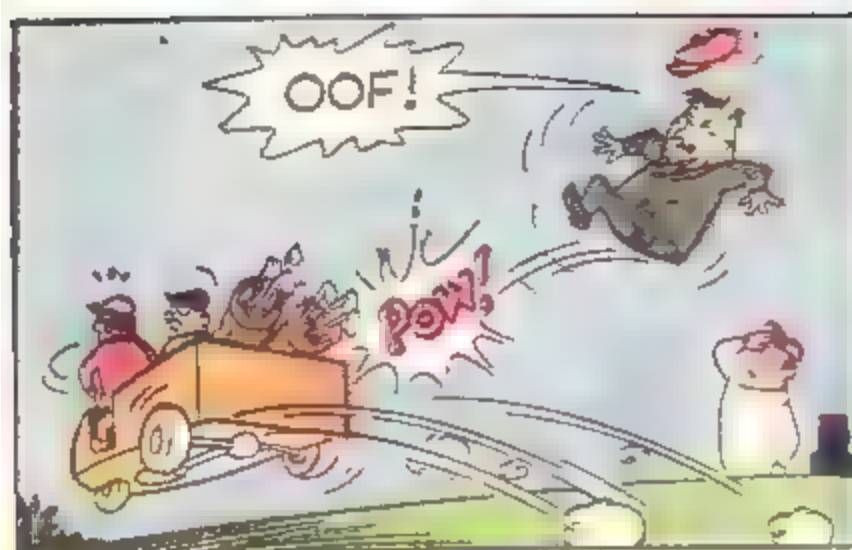
LIKE WHAT?

A LOT OF
DADS PLAY
GOLF ON
WEEKENDS.

GOLF?
HMM.

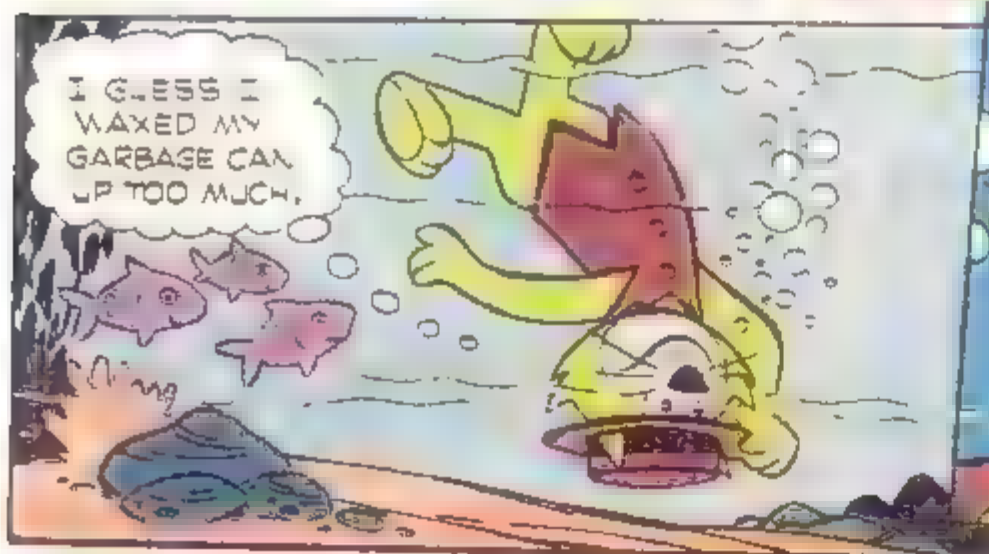
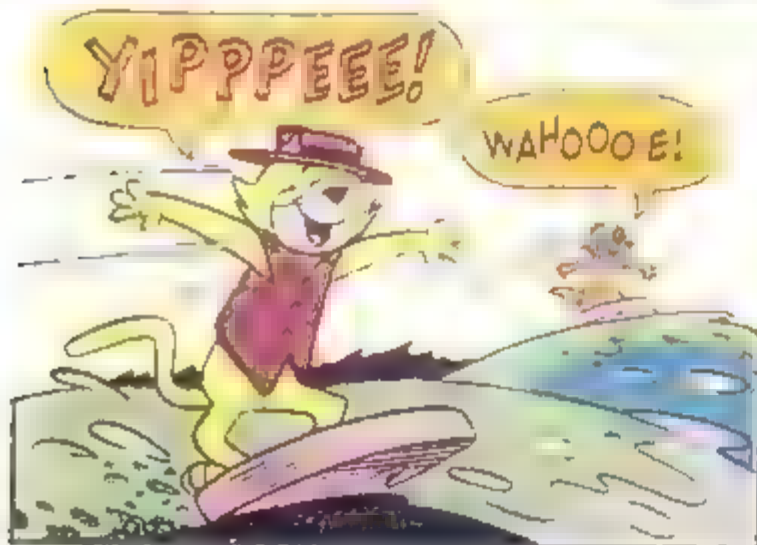
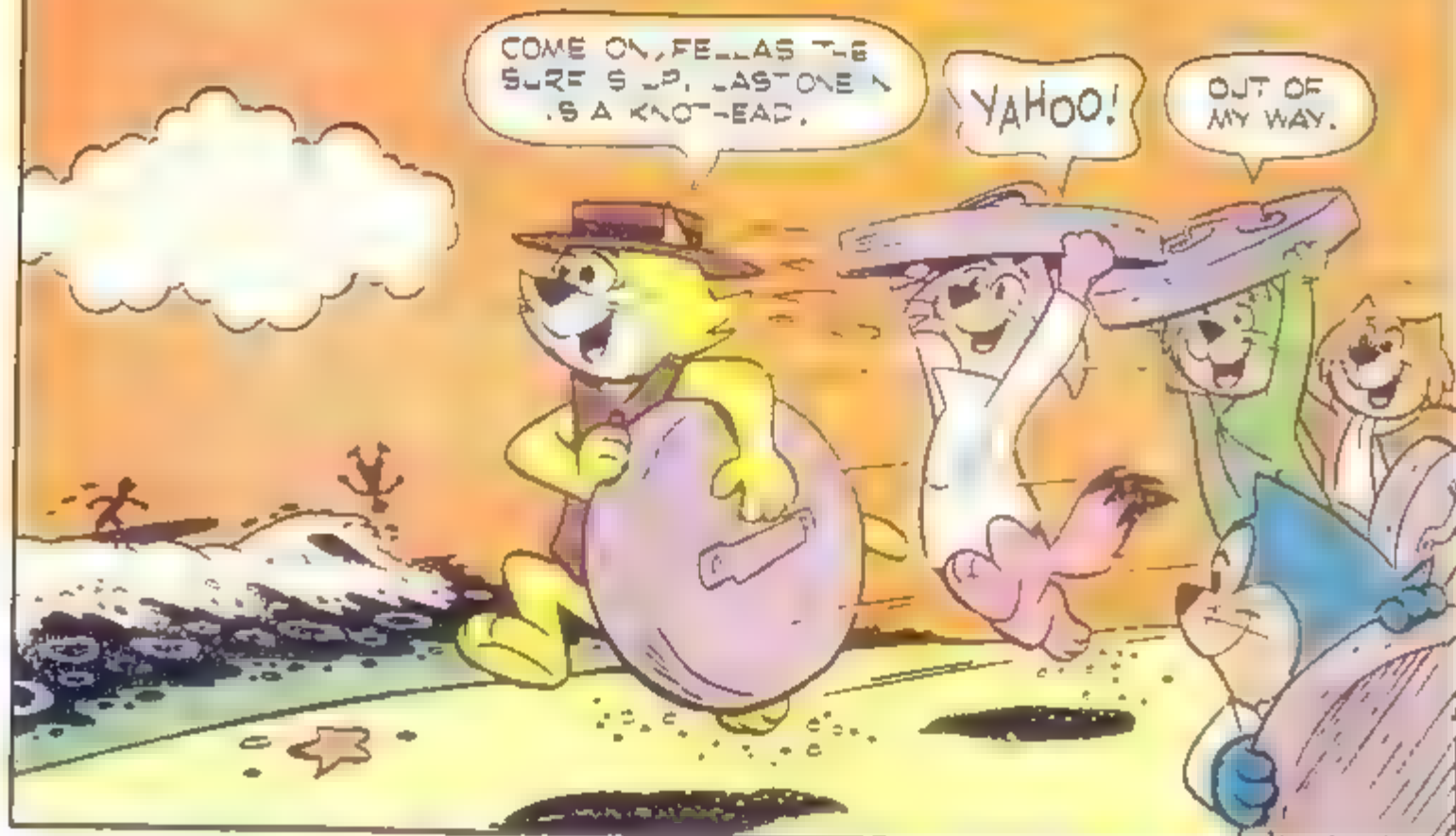


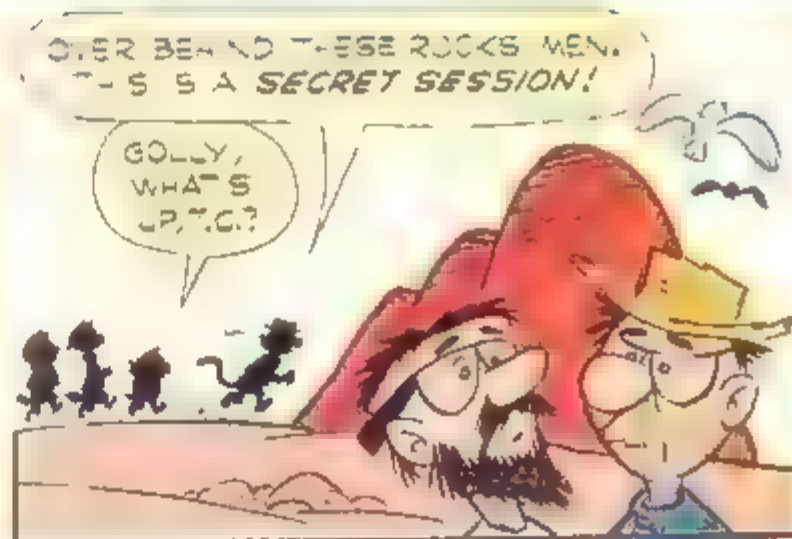
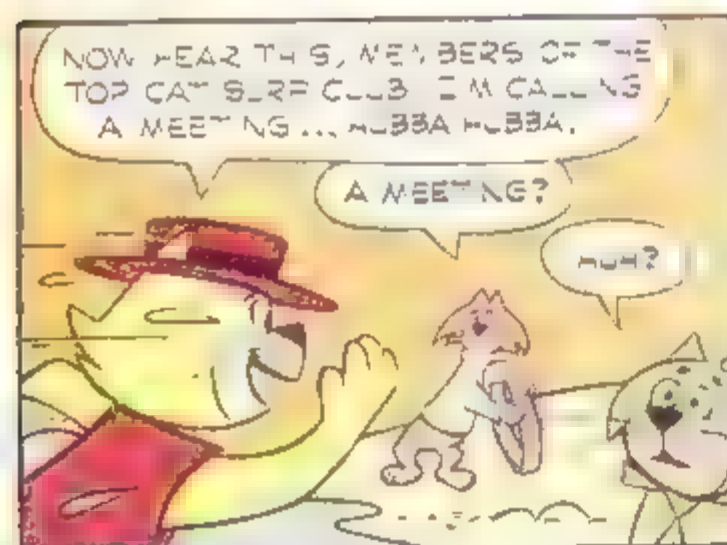
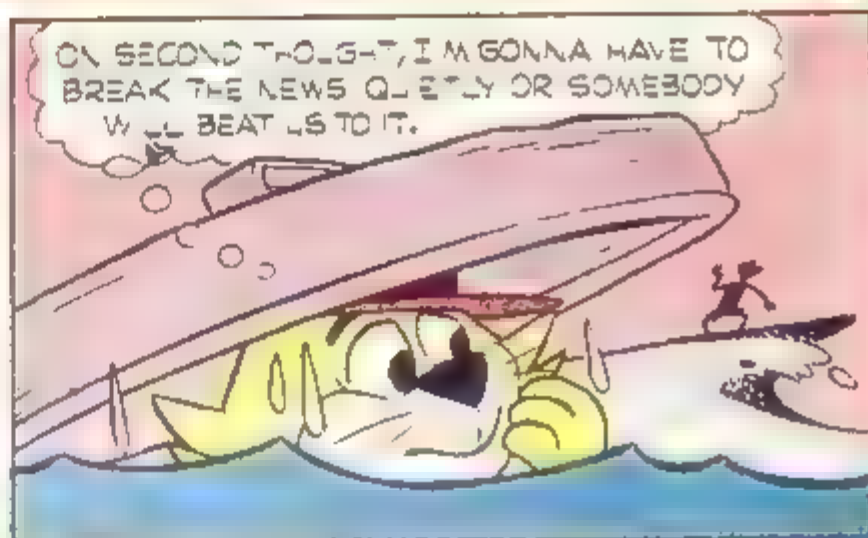
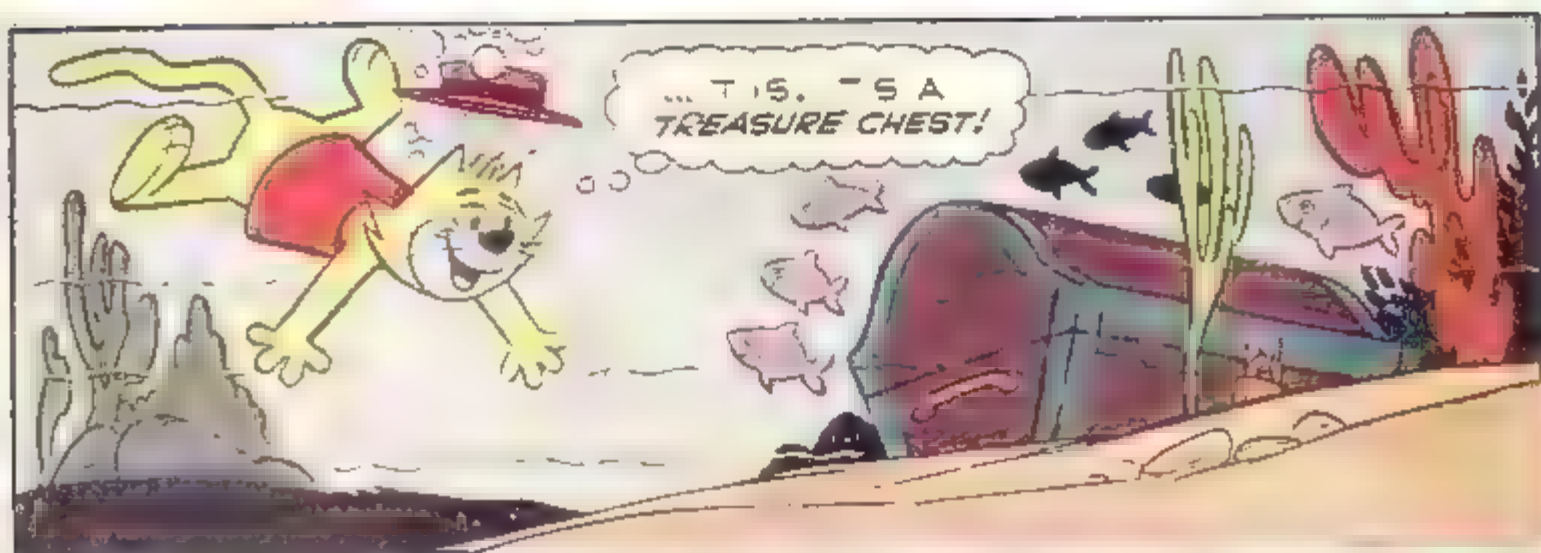




Hanna-Barbera
TOP CAT

TREASURE A LA CARTE





A TREASURE CHEST?

YAHOO!

IT'S MINE!

IT'S MINE!

HEY, WAIT A MINUTE, IT'S MINE!

IT'S OURS!

GOLLY, TOP CAT, YOU SURE LET THE CAT OUT OF THE BAG;

YEAH.

SOME SECRET.

HOW WAS I TO KNOW WE WERE BEING SPIED ON?

WELL, LET'S GET OUT THERE AND JOIN THE SEARCH.

YEAH.

HOLD ON, FELLAS, I'VE GOT AN IDEA.

LET'S GO THIS WAY. WE'LL LEAD EM ON A WILD-GOOSE CHASE.

THEN SNEAK BACK AND GRAB THE TREASURE.

GOOD THINKING, T.C.

COME ON, BOYS, IT'S DOWN THIS WAY.

HOLD IT, CLYDE. THERE GOES THE CAT THAT SAW THE TREASURE CHEST!

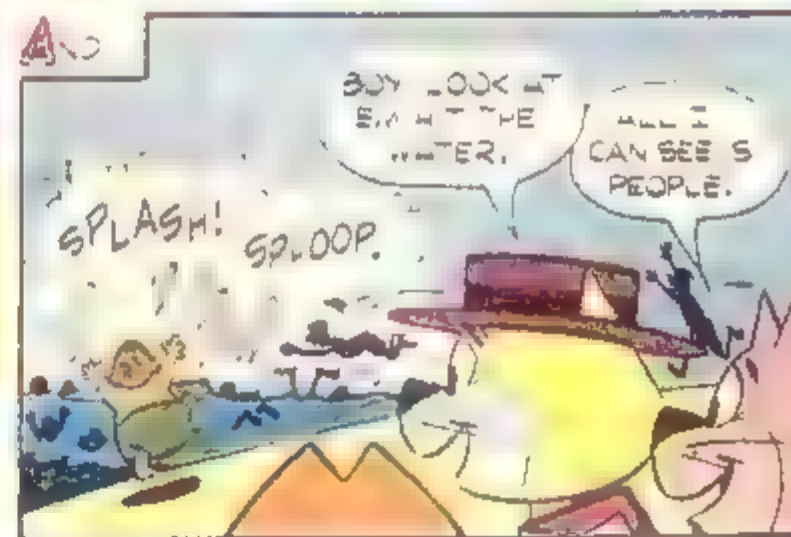
FOLLOW EM!

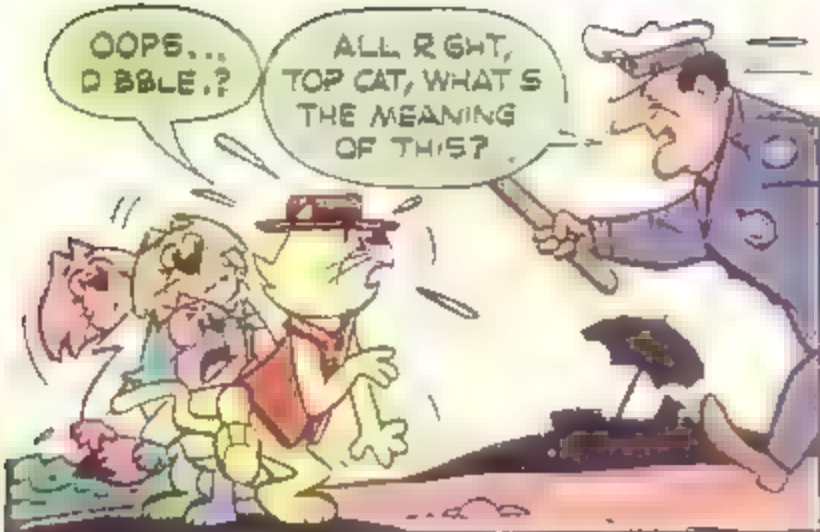
TREASURE CHEST?

LET'S GO.

HEY, JOE, WHAT'S GOING ON DOWN ON THE BEACH? IT LOOKS LIKE A STAMPEDE.

WE BETTER GET HELP.





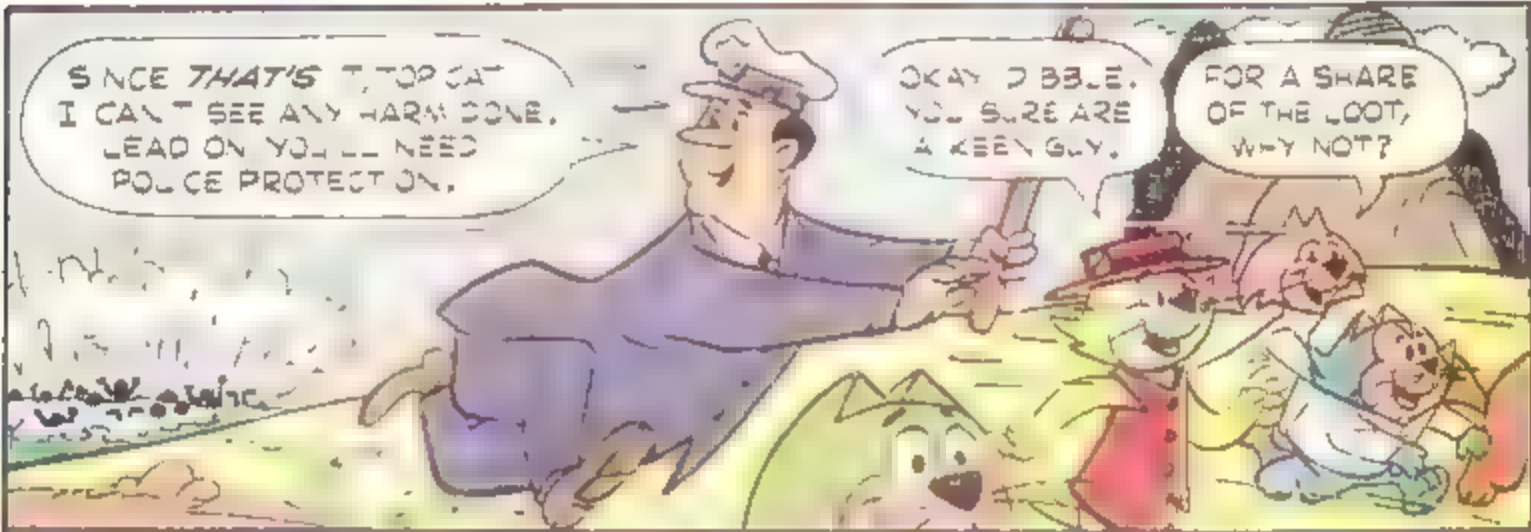
OOPS...
D BBLE.?

ALL RIGHT,
TOP CAT, WHAT'S
THE MEANING
OF THIS?



WELL, IT LOOKS
LIKE WE'LL HAVE TO
CUT OFF CER D BBLE
N, FELLAS. L STEV,
D B PST-PST-PST-

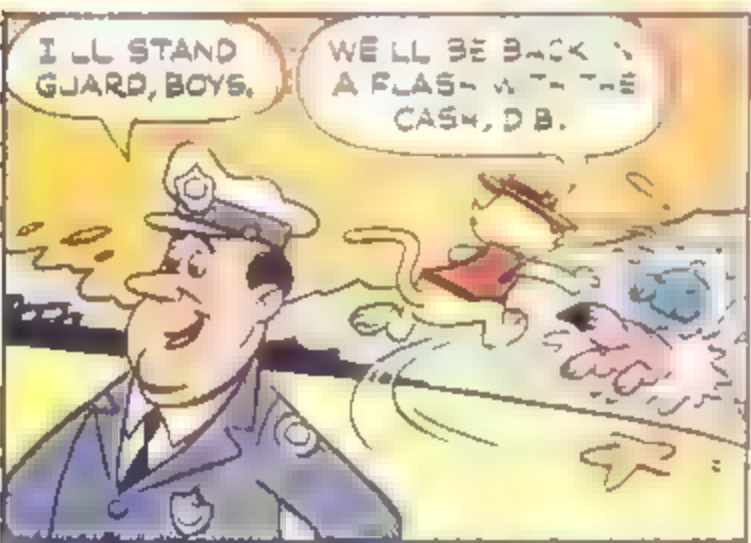
WHAT?



SINCE THAT'S IT, TOP CAT
I CAN'T SEE ANY HARM DONE.
LEAD ON YOU'LL NEED
POLICE PROTECTION.

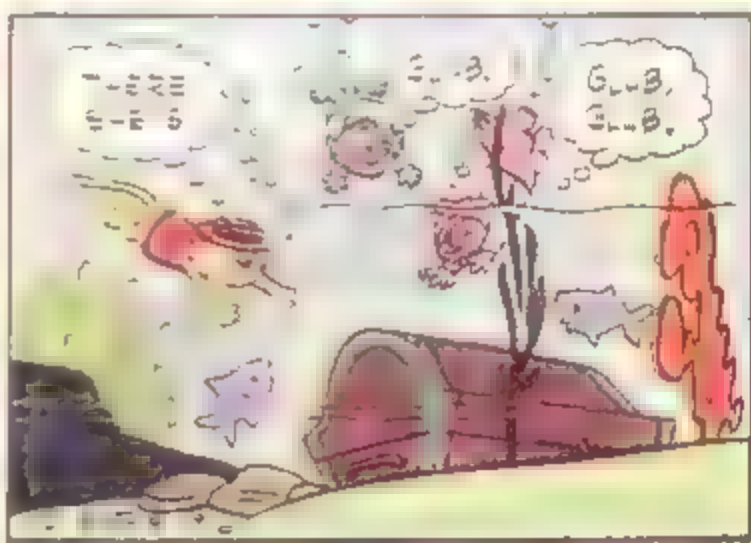
OKAY D BBLE.
YOU SURE ARE
A KEEN GUY.

FOR A SHARE
OF THE LOOT,
WHY NOT?



I'LL STAND
GUARD, BOYS.

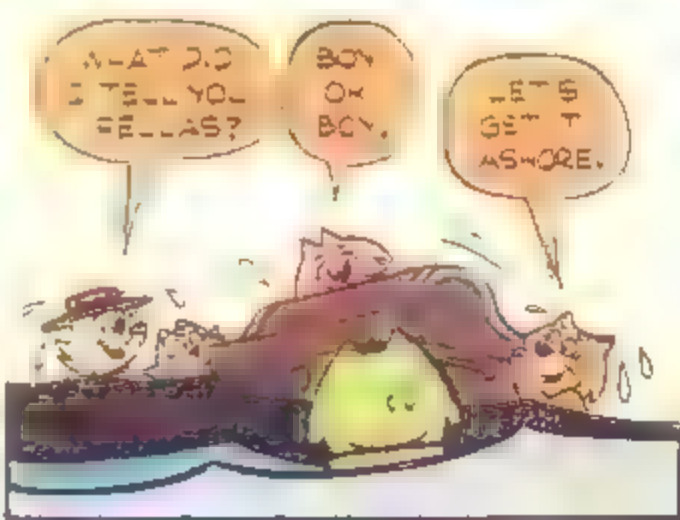
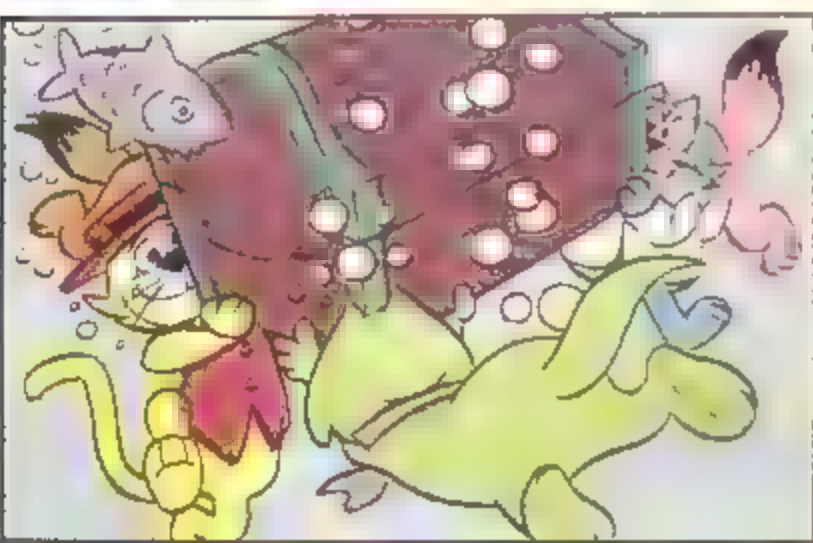
WE'LL BE BACK IN
A FLASH WITH THE
CASH, D B.



THESE
GUY'S

G.L.B.
G.L.B.

G.L.B.
G.L.B.



WHAT DID
I TELL YOU
FELLAS?

BOY
OK
BOY.

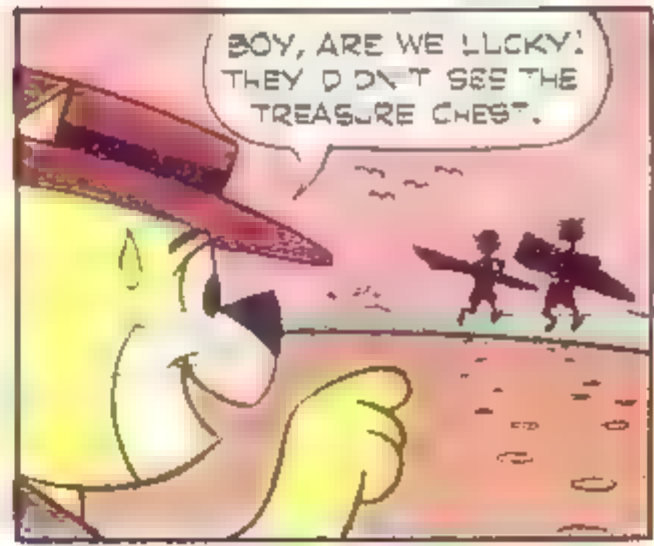
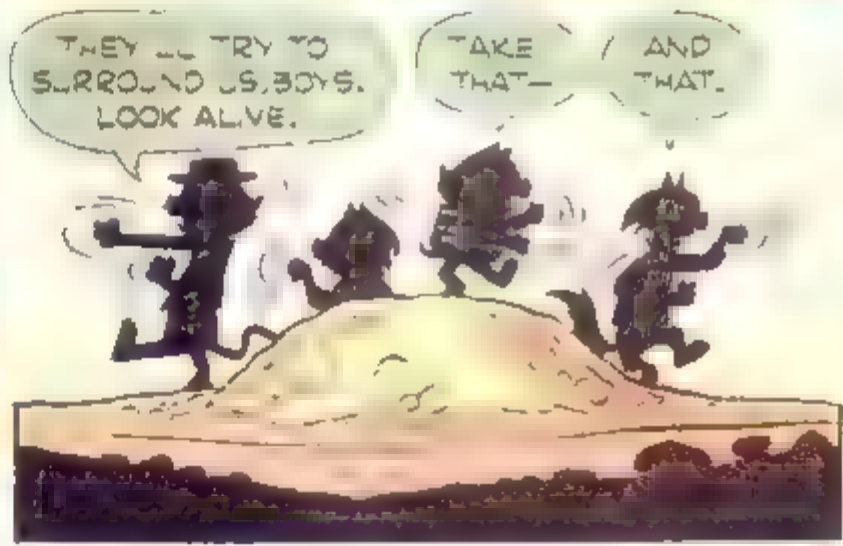
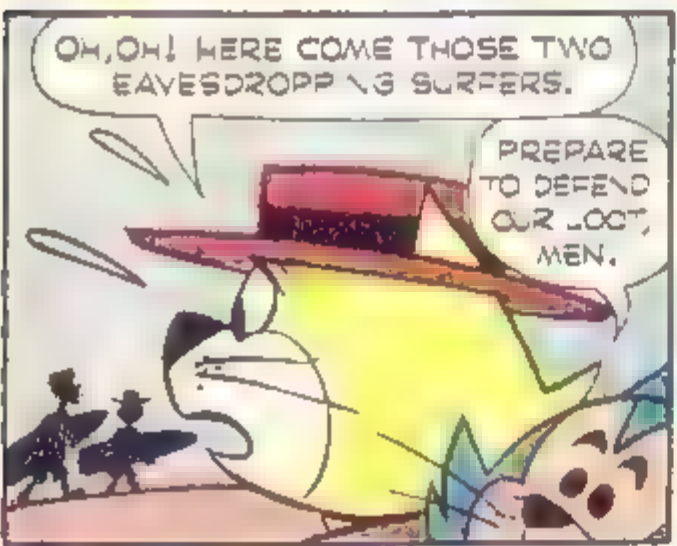
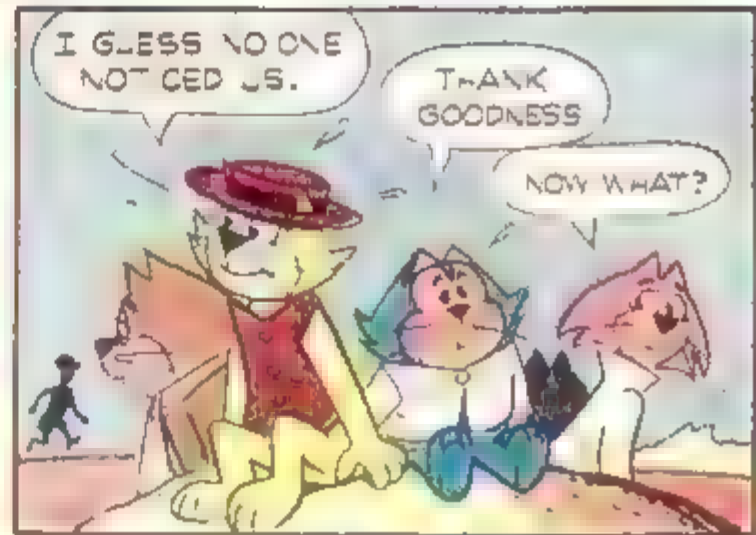
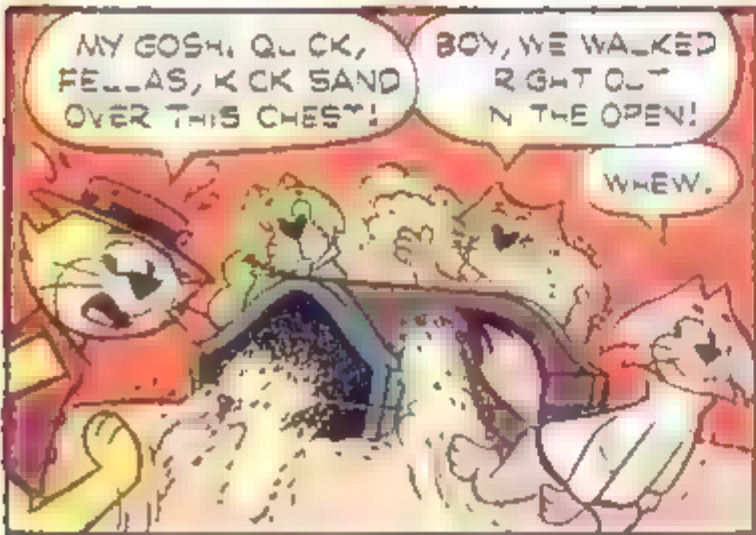
LET'S
GET IT
ASHORE.

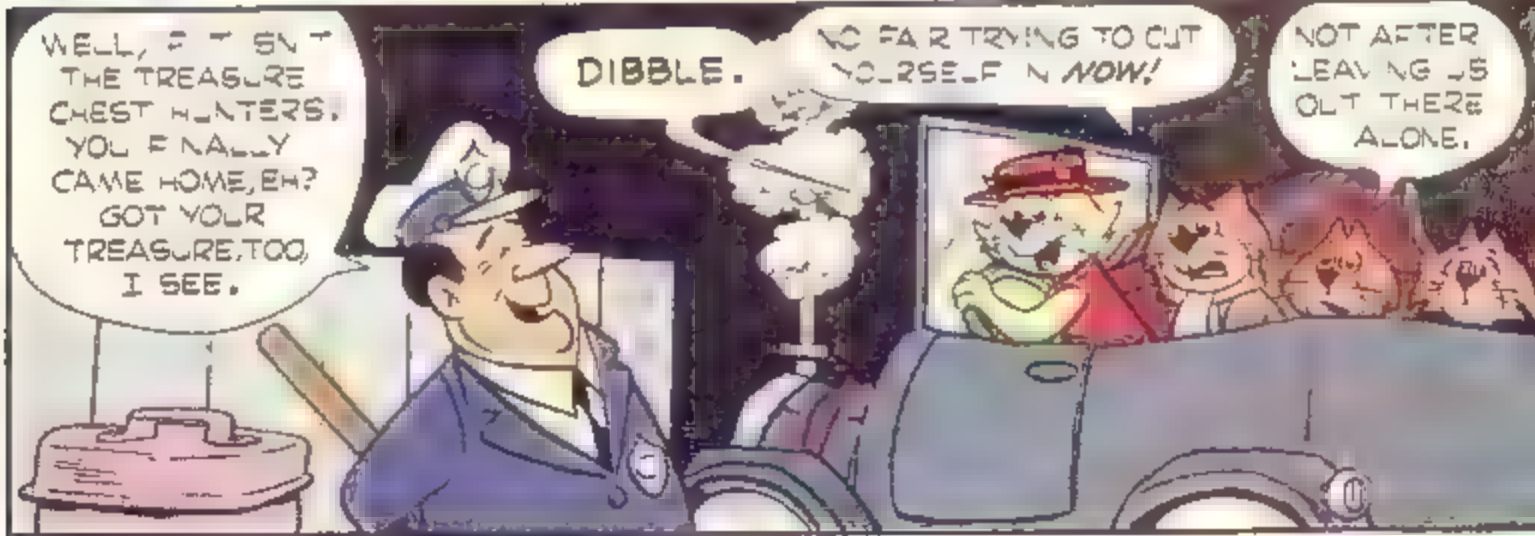
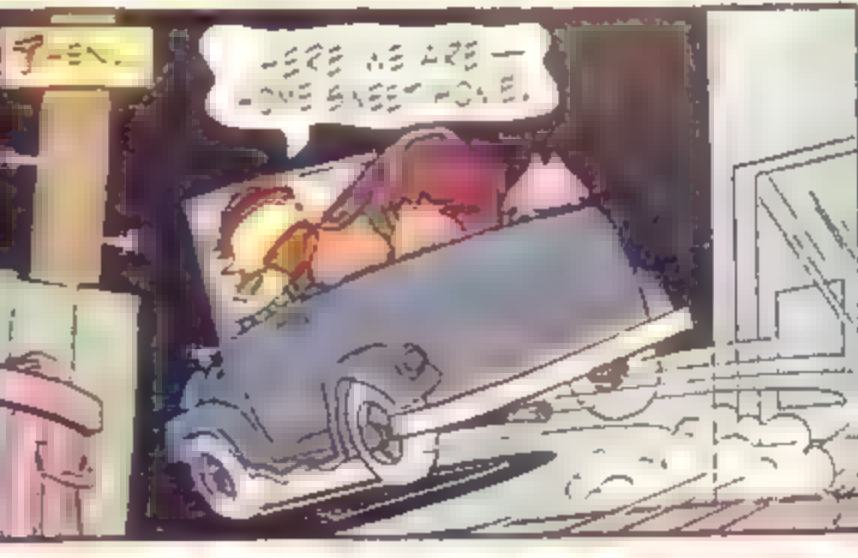
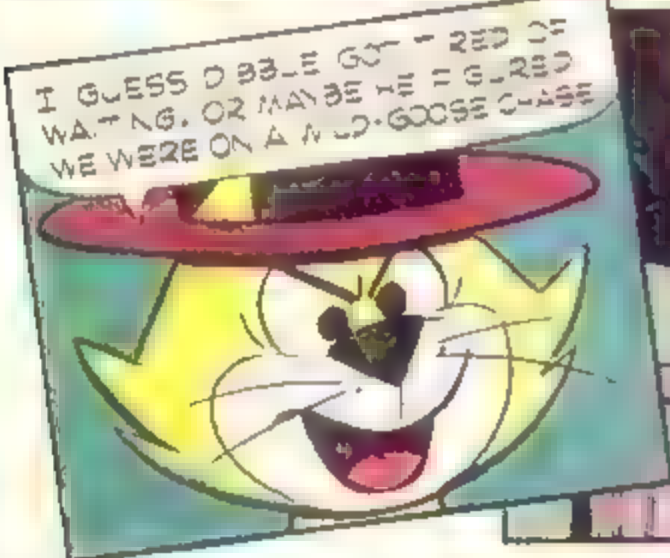
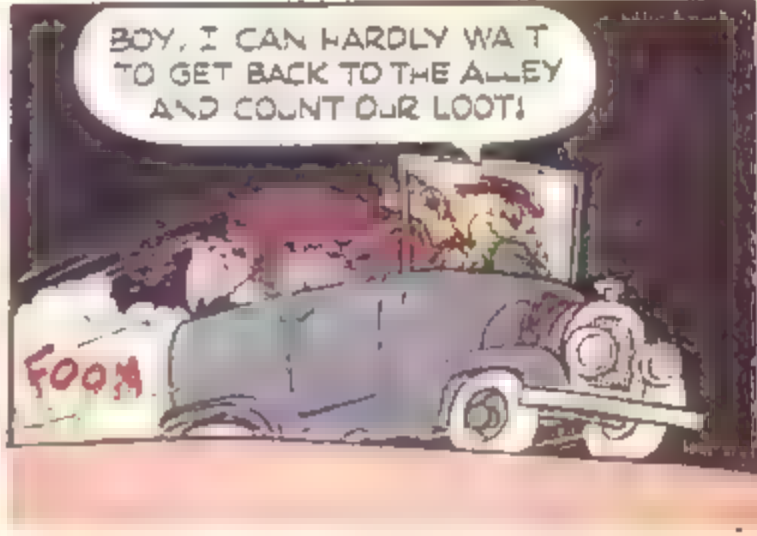
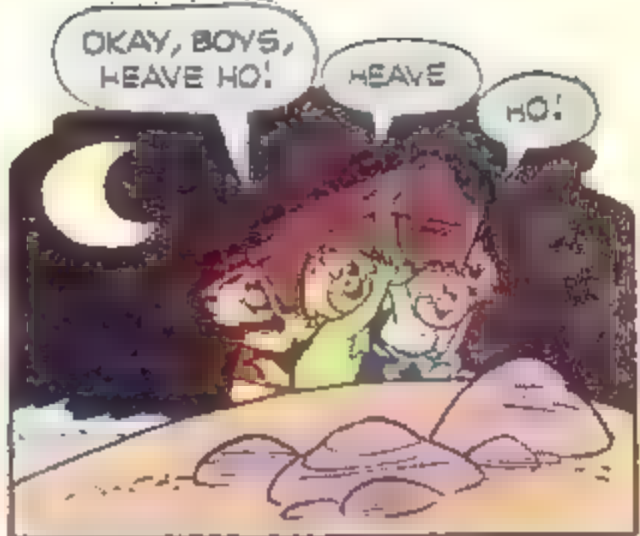
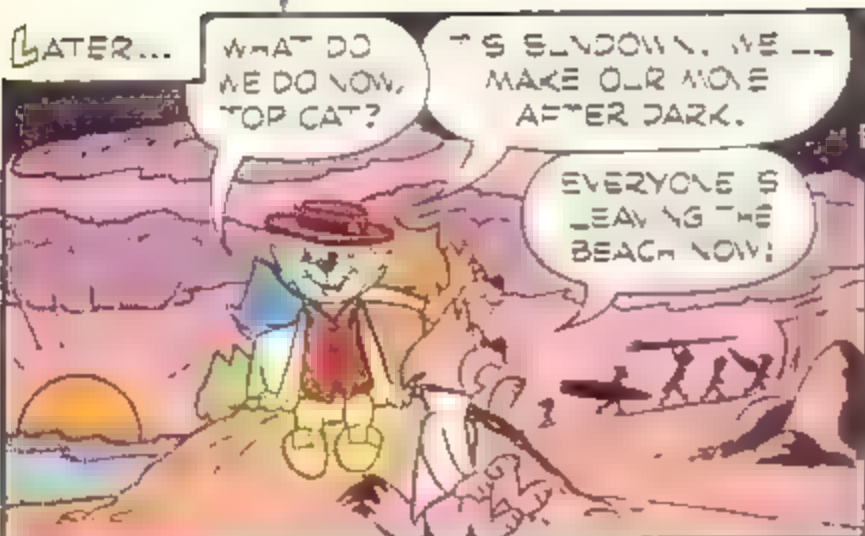
AND THEN...

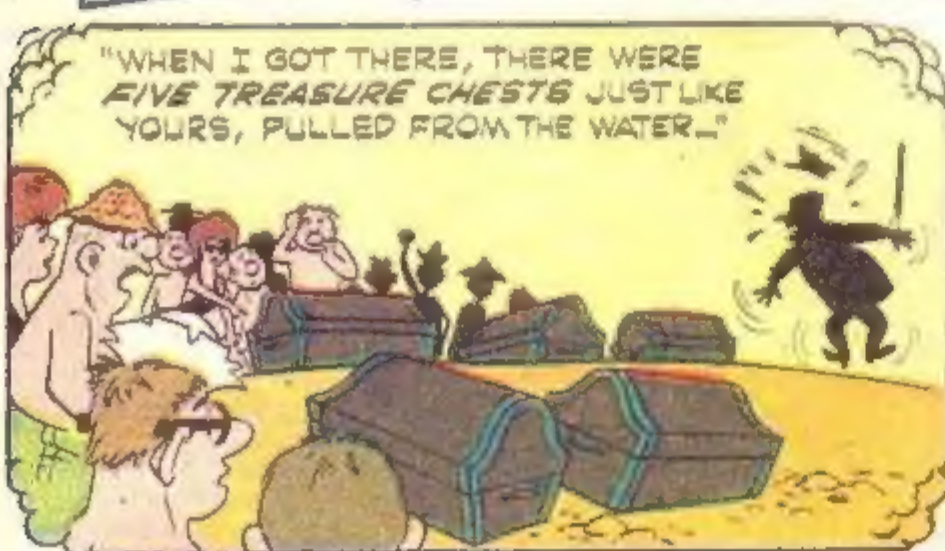
HEY, WHERE'S DIBBLE?

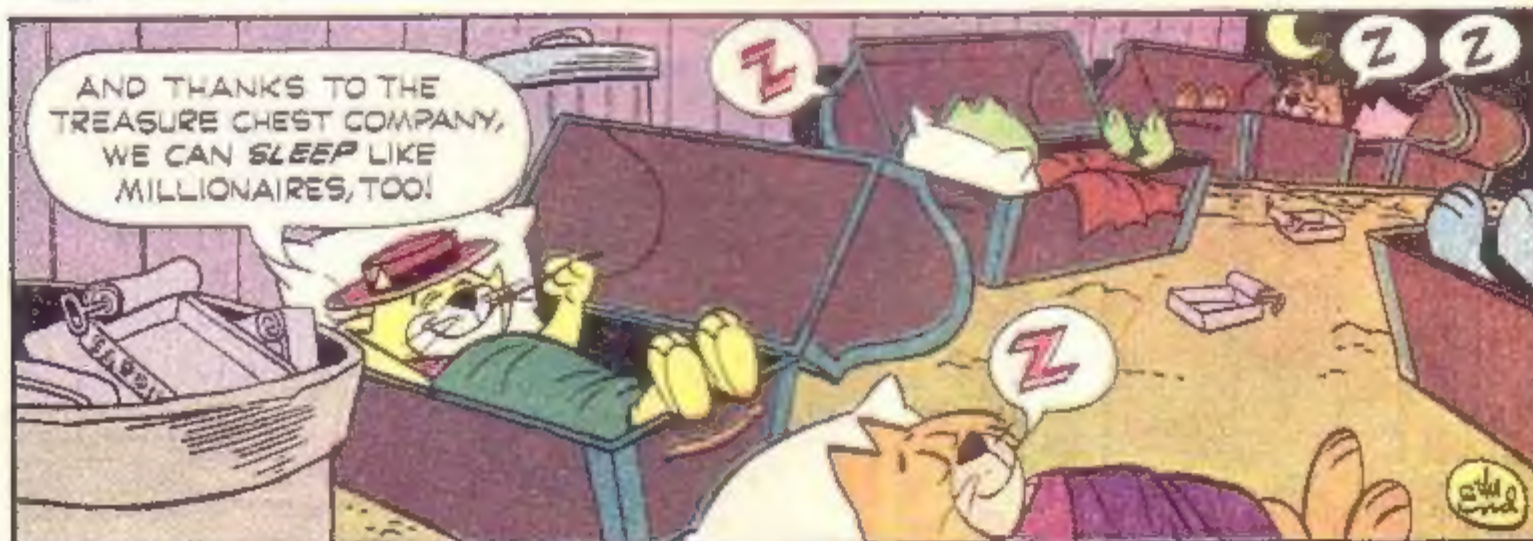
GEE, SOME GUARDIES!

LOOK, EVERYTHING'S BACK TO NORMAL ON THE BEACH.



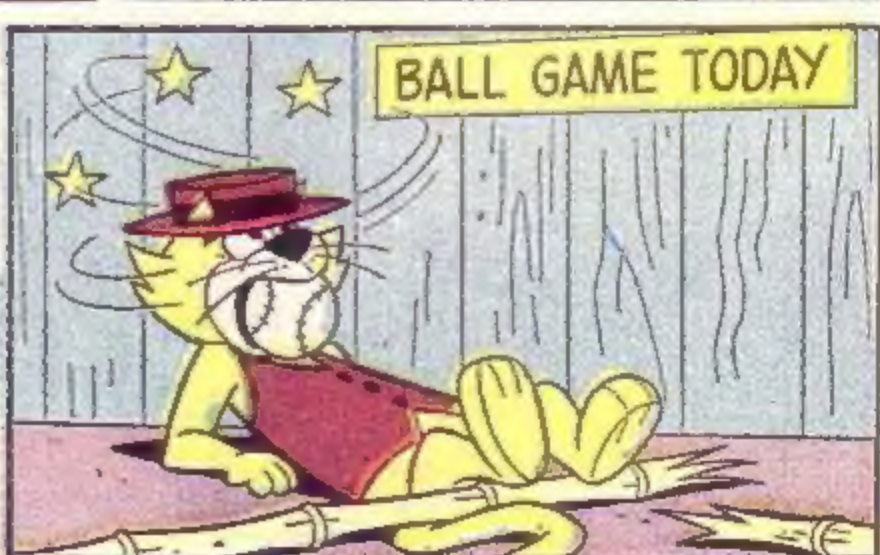
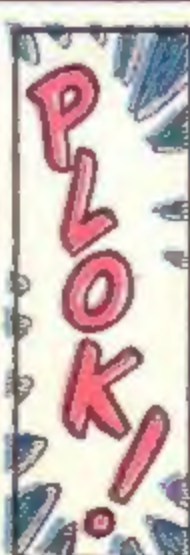
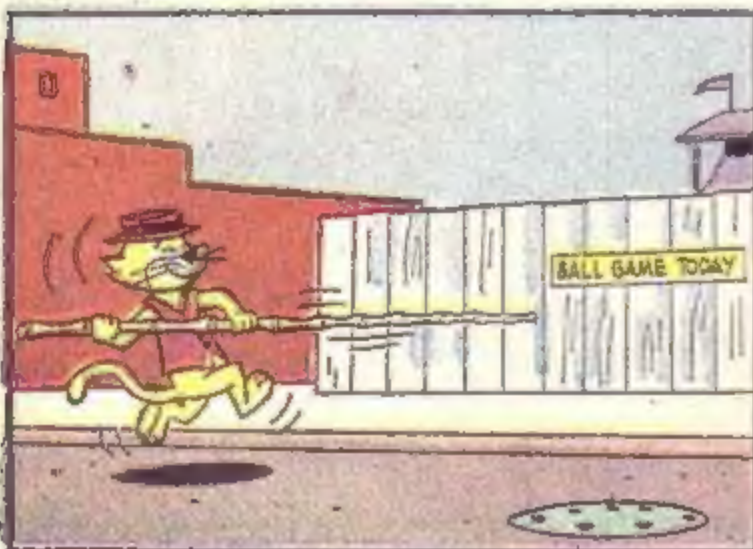
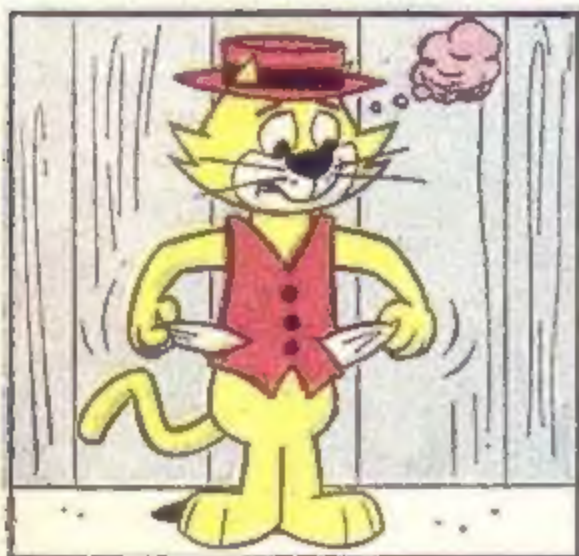






Hanna-Barbera

TOP CAT



Hanna-Barbera
TOP CAT

